

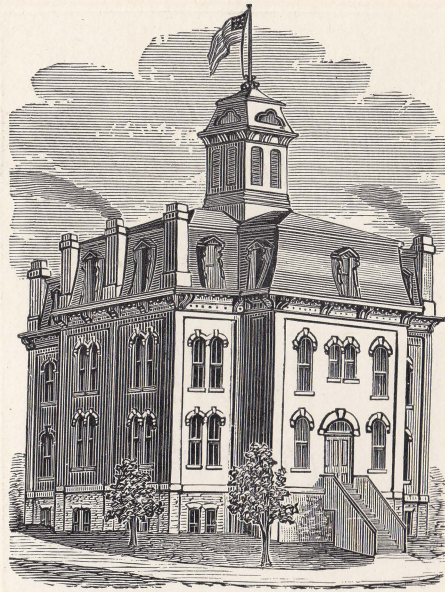




*Junior  
Year  
Book,  
1906.*

Momence Press-Reporter Print.





CENTRAL SCHOOL BUILDING.



# JUNIOR YEAR BOOK

1906

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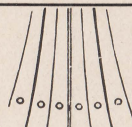
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## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Parody—"The Physics Class."

(With Profuse Apologies to James Russell Lowell.)

FIRST PRIZE PARODY BY HAZEL BROAD.

They began Physics in September,  
And busily all the year  
Have been filling their respective craniums  
With knowledge deep but dear.

Every lad and every maiden,  
The poundal and erg can define;  
And the poorest one in their class roll  
Thinks mechanics and machines just fine.

From the far recesses of the Lab'tory  
Comes Harry's muffled crow,  
For his 'speriment has turned out right  
And that suits him you know.

I stood and watched from the doorway,  
The noiseless (?) work of the class;  
And the sudden flurries of Lottie  
If the wheel and axle went too fast.

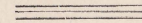
I thought of that spot in the corner  
Where the inclined plane still stood,  
How Myrtle and Hazel adjusted it gently  
So as not to spill out the load.

Then up spoke William the Second,  
Saying, "O, shoot, this pulley won't work;  
But William the First repaired it  
With a little pat and jerk.

And then I looked toward Frankie  
Timing a pendulum's beat,  
While Frank C. sat by neatly making  
A drawing in details complete.

The merits of a hydraulic press  
To Carrie and Nina were shown  
By Irene and Nellie whose skill  
In rigging machines is well known.

Then with eyes that looked toward the future,  
I asked as others have done,  
"What will the Laboratory look like  
When that bright class is gone?"



### "Sunshine After Storm."

FIRST PRIZE POEM BY HAZEL BROAD.

The clouds hang grey in the lowering sky,  
The cold March winds rush whistling by,  
And branches snap in the sighing wood,  
Roughly caressed by the tempest rude.

The waves beat wildly upon the shore,  
In stifled rage the breakers roar,  
The cruel reefs are crowned in foam,  
In their dark caves the surges moan.

But just as night like a sombre pall  
In mist-like darkness is wrapping all,  
The sun bursts forth in a flood of light,  
Stilling the tempest; then falls the night.

O, souls 'mid the tempest and sorrow of life,  
Who are tired of the conflict, tired of the strife,  
It comes like sweet sunshine at the end of the day:  
"God knoweth best, He will show thee thy way."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### "Senior Class History."

BY EMMA PITTMAN.

MOMENCE, ILLINOIS.

DEAR FRIEND:

In reply to your letter, relative to your entering the high school, I think the best way to inform you about this matter is to refer you to the Senior Class of '06. It is one of the most brilliant classes ever known in our high school. Its career has been excellent from start to finish. The members have at last reached the goal for which they have striven and are looked upon with awe by the other classes. The other classes have only to look upon our pleasant and smiling countenances to be inspired to hope for success.

What wonder! All of us are descendants of noble ancestors. For example, "Pat, the Irishman's" ancestors are known to be the leading orators of Fourth-of-July celebrations in Ireland. Frank probably inherits his talent in this line from them. Next, "Olia, the Swede," who claims relationship to Queen Christina,—but then, we have to take his word for that. Never-the-less in Will are shown all the characteristics of his race.

We had a great time in tracing back the ancestors of our little Danish girl, Serina. Being so modest and shy, she would not tell us much about it, so we were compelled to go to other sources. It seems queer that she doesn't inherit her ancestors' quarrelsome spirit, but she is the

exception to the rule. Nina says that she is Scotch. It is possible that she is a descendant of the great poet, Robert Burns.

We haven't succeeded in finding out the nationality of the last two girls, Emma and Irene. One says she is a descendant of "The Man in the Moon." Probably that is why she so often goes moon gazing. The other claims that Hercules is her most famous ancestor.

Thus, you see, it is not to be wondered at that such greatness is displayed by this class.

When the class of '06 entered High School it numbered twenty-one. Gradually members quit school or moved away until now only the faithful six remain; but then, you know, it is quality, not quantity, that counts.

Their colors were chosen in the eighth grade and were well chosen,—purple, denoting Fidelity, and white, denoting Purity.

If you wish to obtain any further information about this brilliant class, whose members have such a future before them, or, if you wish me to go into detail about the High school,

Please advise

MISS BLANK.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### History of the Junior Class.

BY CLENNIE LITTLE.

It is useless to tell of the brilliancy and success of our Junior class of 1906, the envy of all the other classes. Ever since our entry into High School we have been noted as a studious **and successful class** in all our undertakings. Many **changes** have taken place in our class; but we still remain at the top of the ladder; and, from this height, we look upon the other classes, **who are** striving to attain to our greatness.

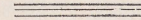
In our Freshmen year we were modest **and unassuming** and chose pink and green as our colors; **but since** we have become Juniors, **and the** Freshmen seemed to think our colors belonged **to them**, we have changed them to maroon and blue.

Our chief trait is "perseverance;" for if we don't get what we try for the first time, we work until we do.

In the Junior class are found the greatest stars in the school. Can any other class boast of such a songstress as Lottie Hess, whose voice rivals a bird's in its sweetness? or such a musician as Jennie Pittman, who thrills the whole school with her beautiful music? And as for our cartoonist, Harry Hoag, even the teachers have not escaped representation in his cartoons. Whenever a ripple of laughter is heard throughout the school, the teachers at once attribute it to our comedian, Rex Vane. Our greatest sorrow is Frank Dufrain, who seems to be in

a despondent mood lately, and persists in drawing tombstones on the board, thus casting a dark shadow over the whole class.

I have given only a fair sample of our brilliant class. If time and space permitted, I might fill pages with descriptions of our geniuses. Next year we shall be Seniors, and if you will just keep track of us, we shall show you what a Senior class ought to do.



Sunday School Teacher—"Who led the people out of the land of Egypt?" (No one answers.)

Sunday School Superintendent—"What, don't any one know? That little boy in the corner tell me."

Little Boy (badly scared)—"I dunno, 'twasn't me, cause I just moved here last week from Missouri."



The hen scratched on the garden plot,  
Whence all but she had fled,  
For she was looking for the nests  
On which the onion—sets.



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

FRANK CLEARY.

"Nowhere so busy as he there was  
And yet he seemed bisyer than he was."

IRENE BUCKNER.

"She's bonnie, blooming, straight and tall."

EMMA PITTMAN.

"Whatever she did, was done with so much  
ease  
In her alone 'twas natural to please."

FLOYE BROWN.

"A flash of her keen, dark eyes, forerunning  
the thunder."



WILL HANSON.

"His voice rang out like a trumpet."

SERINA JOHNSON.

"Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuad-  
ing."

NINA FISH.

"Here comes the lady. O, so light of foot."

HAZEL BROAD.

"Eyes so transparent, that thru' them one sees  
the soul."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

MAMIE HALPIN.

"Around her she made an atmosphere of life."

WILL DURHAM.

"The deed I intend is great,  
But what it is, yet I know not."

CARRIE HANSON.

"For God on thee abundantly,  
His gifts has also poured."

JENNIE PITTMAN.

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk  
with, and pleasant, too, to look on."



MYRTLE CROSBY.

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy merit."

FRANK DUFRAIN.

"Listless, longing, hoping, fearing.  
Dreaming still of Minnie-ha!-ha!"

LOTTIE HESS.

"Oh! She will sing the savageness out of the  
bear."

NELLIE LOGHRY.

"She spread around that silent spell,  
That made all spirits love her well."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

HARRY HOAG.

"To his eye there was but one beloved face on earth."

MERYL BOYD.

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

CLENNIE LITTLE.

"Courteous and fair, and full of meekness."

CLARE POSTER.

"He had a voice whose sound was like the sea."



JOHN BUKOWSKY.

Three-fifths of him genius, and two-fifths sheer fudge.

LUCILLE FISH.

"An unpretentious maiden, true and pure."

MARGUERITE DURHAM.

"Softly her fingers wander o'er  
The yielding planks of ivory floor."

REX VANE.

"A city clerk, and gentle bred,  
Unused to labor hard."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

FRANCES HALPIN.

"Here's to the girl who's strictly in it,  
Who doesn't lose her head for a minute."

WILL HAYDEN.

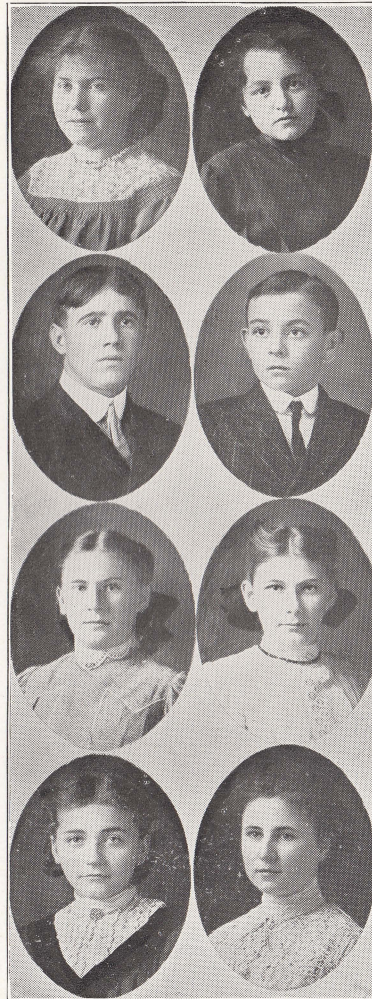
"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

MARGARET NELSON.

"She was as good as she was fair."

MATTIE STETSON.

"To doubt her fairness were to want an eye,  
To doubt her pureness were to want a heart."



HAZEL DU BRIDGE.

"She had a grace in being gay."

JAMIE RYAN.

"Moderately wise, should each one be,  
But not over wise."

GERTRUDE NELSON.

"Nor bold, nor shy, nor short, nor tall,  
But a sweet new mingling of them all."

MARGARET McMANN.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
Her paths are paths of peace."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

HAZEL THURBER.

"An open hearted maiden, pure and good."

HOWARD DELIERE.

"As prone to mischief, as able to perform it."

JOSEPHINE TIFFANY.

"There's rest for me and comfort free  
in the tone of my violin."

FRANK WEAVER.

"I'm Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips, let no  
dogs bark."



FLORENCE SMITH.

"O, we fell out,  
I know not why."

ELMER DELIERE.

"I'm not in the roll of common men."

MINNIE WILMOT.

"A rose bud set in little wilful thorns,"

AXEL HANSON.

"He was as fresh as the month of May."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

RICHARD NICHOLS.

"What a spendthrift he is of his tongue!"

NELLIE HOAG.

Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."

JESSE WILSON.

"He hadde heer as yellow as wex.  
But smooth it hung; as doth a strike of flex."

EUNICE DICKEY.

"The shadowing lash, unveiled the dark eyes  
bright."



WILL TUTTLE.

"Nature was here so lavish of her store, that  
she bestowed until she had no more."

GEORGIA BIGONESS.

"She talks steady by jerks."

CLAUDE ADAMS.

"He the merry, mischief-maker."

LUCILLE SHARPE.

"An elegant scholar, having the graces of  
speech, and skill in the turning of phrases."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

FLOSSIE PERRY.

"Love me little, love me long.  
Is the burden of my song."

HERBERT VANSCHOYCK.

"Big words do not smite like war clubs."

ANNA KEELER.

"Slowly and peacefully she wendeth her way  
along."

GAILARD HESS.

"He was the best of all musicians.  
When he played the village listened."



MABEL POPEJOY.

"When she will, she will, you may depend up-  
on't:  
And when she won't, she won't, and there's an  
end on't."

CLAUDE DUBRIDGE.

"No one would suppose it, but I am naturally  
bashful."

MARGARET CONANT.

"Tall and slender, with hair all curled."

GEORGE CLARK.

"His eyes twinkled in his head aright.  
As do the stars on a frosty night."



FAY CRAWFORD.

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."

IDA ANDERSON.

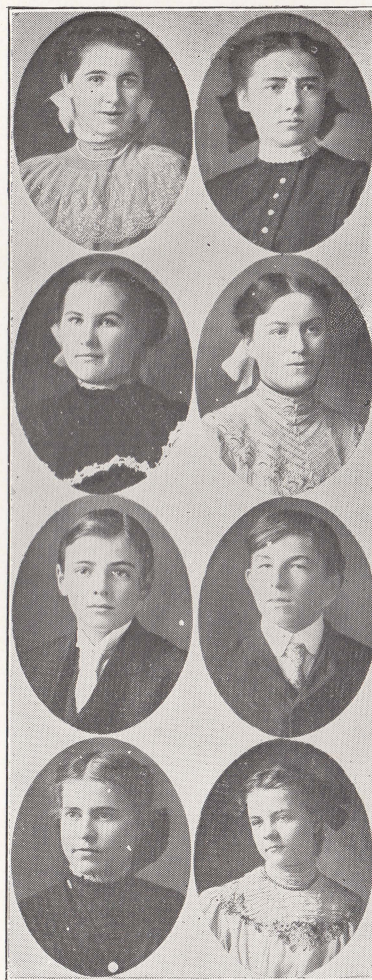
"One vast, substantial smile."

WILLIE PARISH.

"Would you listen to his boasting,  
Would you only give him credence."

MYRTLE CROMWELL.

"Fair without, faithful within."



BESSIE BENNETT.

"Her fingers shame the ivory keys, they dance  
so light along."

LAURA LITTLE.

"She would not with preemptory tone  
Assert the nose upon her face her own."

IVAN CROSBY.

"We grant although he had much wit  
He was very shy of using it."

CLARA BURTT.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command."



ELIC PORTER.

"What's in a name?"

AURORA HANSON.

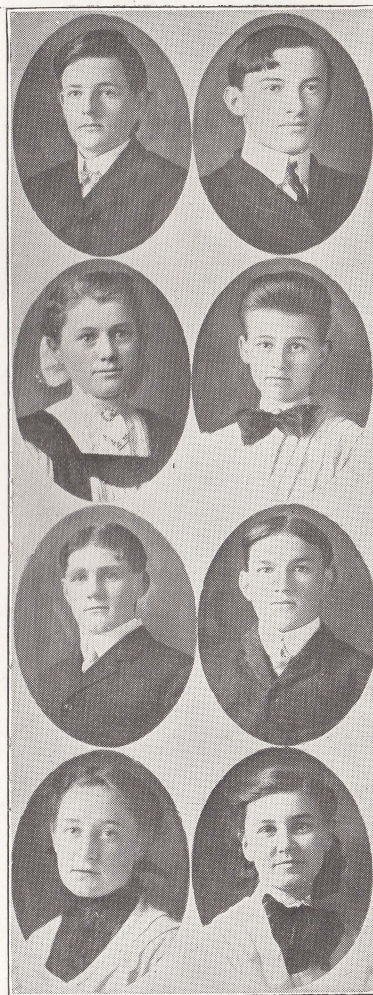
"Winning her way with extreme gentleness."

LEVI HASLETT.

"Full big he was of brawn and eek of bones."

IRMA ALLEN.

"Let her have her way in everything."



GEORGE NICHOLS.

"He is wise who talks but little."

MARY ILLUM.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart."

ARTHUR GIROUX.

"Calm and gentle, but gets there just the same."

ZELMA YOUNGLOVE.

"Dancing, flirting, skimming along."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

VICTOR JOHNSON.

"Deem me not faithless if all day,  
Among my musty books I linger.

LILLIAN BUTTERFIELD.

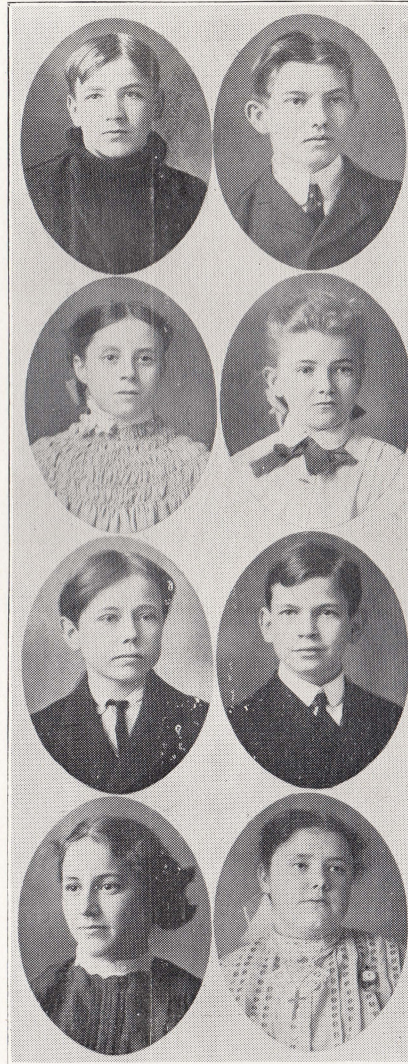
"So wise, so young they say."

EVERETT FOUNTAIN.

"Thou sayst an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way."

EVA FISH.

"Friend of many.  
Foe of none."



RALPH RALSTON.

"His heart's his mouth  
What his heart forges, that his tongue most  
vent."

BEULAH CREMER.

"A modest little creature bent on doing good."

LEON SELBY.

"Not to be laughed at and scorned because he  
is little of stature."

EVA LILLY.

"She gave her tongue no moments rest."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

CLARA OLSON.

"By diligence she wins her way."

MERRITT GARRETT.

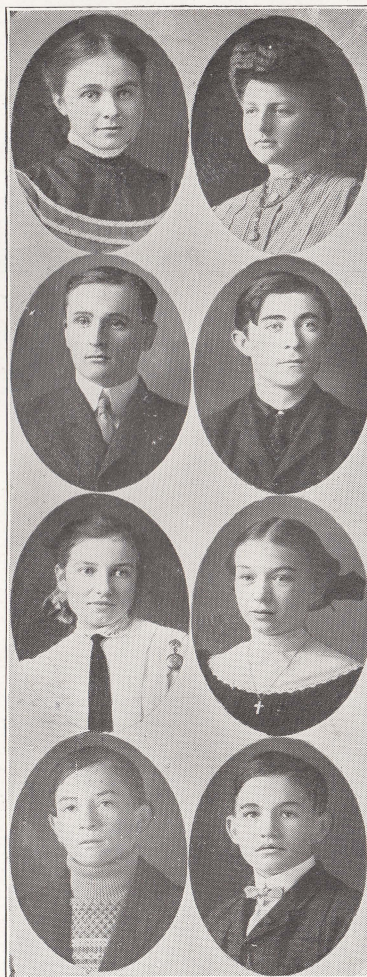
"And of his part he is as meek as is a mayde."

LIZZIE DWYER.

"I don't care who he is just so he is a boy."

NIEL METCALF.

"Beneath his cap lies schemes and devilttries."



ELSIE MILLS.

"And when she smiled a light was on her face."

BERT HAYES.

"One ear heard it, and at the other out it went."

LOUISE ASTLE.

"She speaks, behaves and acts just as she ought."

HOWARD BREMMER.

"He needs no eulogy, he speaks for himself."



## Photos and Pen Pictures.

CLARENCE BROWN.

"He is wise who talks but little."

GRACE PORTER.

"A modest maid from deestrick skule."

THOMAS CREMER.

"What should a man be but merry?"

LIZZIE BASFORD

"And on hir heed an hat  
As broad as is a brokeler or a targe."



HAROLD SMITH.

"A student of old books and ways."

ROBERT BROWN.

"Out upon it I have loved  
Three whole days together;  
And I'm like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather."

IRMA GORDINIER.

"The mildest manner, and the gentlest heart."

CARL FURNISH.

"I want that glib and oily art, to speak."

CLARENCE DUMONTELLE.

"I'm little," said Tobasco, "but I'm mighty all  
the same."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Class Day Program

Philomathian Hall, May 24, 1906

#### PART I

PIANO DUET.....MISS BIGELOW  
 THEME—"PROMOTERS OF AMERICAN CIVILIZATION"  
 ORATION....."Benjamin Franklin"  
                                   IRENE BUCKNER  
 ORATION....."Alexander Hamilton"  
                                   FRANK CLEARY  
 ORATION....."George Washington"  
                                   SERINA JOHNSON  
 ORATION....."Abraham Lincoln"  
                                   NINA FISH  
 ORATION....."William McKinley"  
                                   WILL HANSON  
 ORATION....."Frances E. Willard"  
                                   EMMA PITTMAN  
 PIANO SOLO.....BESSIE BENNETT

#### PART II

PLAY—"MA'S NEW BOARDERS"

#### CHARACTERS

Prof. Alto Tether.....	Will Hayden
Signor Basso Profundo.....	Will Hanson
Monsieur Tenori.....	Frank Cleary
Caspar Sleepyhead.....	Harry Hoag
Mrs. Holdtight.....	Nina Fish
Jessie.....	Serina Johnson
Clementina Soprano.....	Irene Buckner
Bessie Newsinger.....	Emma Pittman

Music

### Commencement Program

Friday Evening, May 25, 8. P. M.

1. INVOCATION.....REV. GEORGE MOORE
2. MUSIC....."THE DAMASCUS CHORUS"  
HIGH SCHOOL GLEE CLUBS
3. VIOLIN SOLO.....Charles Dancila's 3d Air with Variations  
MISS JOSEPHINE TIFFANY
4. VOCAL SOLO.....Selected  
MISS LOTTIE HESS
5. COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.....  
DR. JAMES McLARREN, PREACHER, AUTHOR, LECTURER
6. VOCAL SOLO....."My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"  
MISS LOUISE J. GUTTERY
7. PRESENTATION OF CLASS MEMORIAL.....  
MR. FRANK CLEARY, PRES. OF SENIOR CLASS
8. ACCEPTANCE OF CLASS MEMORIAL.....  
MR. FRANK DUFRAIN, PRES. OF JUNIOR CLASS
9. MUSIC....."Hey-Ho for Merry June"  
HIGH SCHOOL GIRL'S GLEE CLUB
10. PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.....  
MR. P. J. CLEARY, SEC. BOARD OF EDUCATION
11. MUSIC....."The Buglers"  
HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' GLEE CLUB



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Speech Presenting Class Memorial

[BY PRESIDENT OF SENIOR CLASS, FRANK CLEARY.]

The index of learning which is to stand as a lasting memorial of the class of 1906, is a true model of its givers. Shining with a lustre most radiant it is, as it were, a facsimile of the brilliance rising from its most honorable bestowers. The rays from its inner, as well as from its outer appearance, are the source of much attraction, which seems to be so marked that in some cases its magnetic rays attract two objects almost at the same moment. Surely there must be something very attractive about this cabinet.

It is, as it were, a great book wherein is found the key by which knowledge is opened to the mind. Could a more fitting memorial than this be selected? It is yet to be surpassed. What would the library be without it? In fact, what is any book without its index? It is impossible to foretell the fate of our library, without its presence. With its coming a new start is given to the library, and as massive structures require firm foundations, this index is well fitted to fulfill its purpose.

In future years, when the library has reached the point which requires a new structure for its countless volumes, its fame may be well traced back to the ever increasing importance of the index cabinet. Thus it well fulfills our class motto: "If you seek our monument, look around you."

### Base Ball

The Momence High School Base Ball Team was defeated by the Kankakee High School Team in a ten-inning game Saturday, May 12. The game was the first of the season and it was played at Momence. It was an interesting game from start to finish.

Kankakee scored two runs on errors in the first inning and another run later on. Momence only got one score during the first part of the game, but in the seventh inning Momence got three runs, making the score four to three in favor of Momence.

In the ninth inning Kankakee tied the score and in the tenth inning won the game by scoring a run, making the result five to four in Kankakee's favor.

The fact that the Momence team had new uniforms did not hinder them from playing a good game.

The small crowd attending the game, and the errors were partly accounted for by the strong, irritating wind, southwestward, that blew all day Saturday.

The batteries were: Pottenger and Smith for Kankakee; DuFrain and Bukowski for Momence.

F. D., '07.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Oratorical Contest.

By LOTTIE HESS.

The Sixth Annual Oratorical Contest of the Momence High School was held in the Methodist church, Thursday evening, April 19. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, several coming from Kankakee and St. Anne.

The evening program was opened with a song by the High School Glee Clubs, after which the orators, five in number, took their places on the platform and each in turn delivered his oration. They showed deep thought and careful preparation. After much deliberation and close marking, the judges decided that Contestant No. 3 should be the holder of the cup for the coming year. There were three tied for second place.

The Girls' Glee Club then sang a selection, after which the nine declaimers took their places on the stage. Never before in the history of the Momence High School were there so many contestants. This shows an increased interest in these annual contests. Each of the declaimers held the audience with such intense interest that none noticed the lateness of the hour. After a song by the Glee Clubs, came the decision of the judges which they found very difficult to make as the markings were so close. Contestant No. 6 was decided on as first, with No. 3 second.

The program was as follows:

Music by the High School Glee Clubs from 7 to 7:30 p. m.

#### ORATIONS.

1. "War, a Factor in Our Civilization," ..... Irene Buckner
  2. "A Misjudged Patriot," ..... Serina Johnson
  3. "Hypatia," ..... Clennie Little
  4. "Columbia's Bravest Knight," ..... Frank Cleary
  5. "Benefits of Athletics," ..... Harry Hoag
- Music—Girls' Glee Club.

#### DECLAMATIONS.

1. "Midnight in London," ..... Carrie Hanson
  2. "Ursus and Auroclis," ..... Minnie Wilmot
  3. "The Victor of Marengo," ..... Leon Selby
  4. "The Deathbed of Benedict Arnold," ..... Will Parish
- Music—High School Boys' Glee Club.
5. "Grandeur of Nations," ..... Lucille Sharpe
  6. "Tobe's Monument," ..... Margaret Nelson
  7. "Lasca," ..... Lenore Halpin
  8. "Conner," ..... Nellie Loghry
  9. "The Bible Legend of Wissahikon," ..... Hazel Dubridge
- Music—Glee Clubs.  
Decision of Judges.





## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Local Athletic Meet of M. H. S.

April 24 was the date set for the local Athletic Meet of the Momence High School. The Blacks and Yellows were to be matched against each other, but in a different way than before. This time strength, skill, and endurance were to be tested in the events scheduled.

Will Durham was chosen leader of the Yellows and Richard Nichols of the Blacks.

On Tuesday, the day of the meet, enthusiasm waxed strong and colors were flying from nearly every one. In fact, a large black rag was floating from the flag pole, being placed there by an enthusiastic eighth grader.

Nichols surprised himself in the high jump and it was hard for Will Durham to believe that he made 18 ft. 1 in. in the running broad.

The weather being fine, the events went off smoothly and some promising records were made. On account of the events being so long, a part of the contest was postponed until the next night.

The first night the score went in favor of the Yellows, but when the meet was finished the next night, the Blacks were victors by three points.

HARRY HOAG,  
Editor on Athletics.

### Acceptance Speech.

"Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
Onward thru life they go;  
Each morning sees some task begun,  
Each evening sees its close;  
Something attempted, something done,  
They earned a night's repose."

This class, on being freed from the cares of this school, now wish to express their esteem and regards to the school by the generous gift of this "Index Cabinet." As was the case last year, the memorial of the class has received a nickname from some of the witty pupils. Last year, when the electric clock, which has been a great improvement in the High School, was presented, it received the name of the "Baking Powder Clock." But now that name is nearly forgotten. In the same way the Index Cabinet has already been called the "Medicine Cabinet."

To me it is a source of great pleasure to be made the mouthpiece of the school on this occasion. In the name of the Momence High School, I accept this serviceable present of the class of '06.

FRANK DUFRANE.

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Student, reading Virgil.—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, professor."

Prof.—"Well, Mr. Blank, I think that was quite far enough."





ORATORICAL AND DECLAMATORY CONTESTANTS.

Serina Johnson.

Minnie Wilmot.

Harry Hoag.

Lucile Sharpe.

Frank Cleary.

Irene Buckner.

Clennie Little.

Margaret Nelson.

Lenoire Ha'pin.

Hazel Dubridge  
Will Parisin.

Nellie Loghry.  
Leon Selby.

Carrie Hanson.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### History of the Class of '08.

BY BESSIE BENNETT.

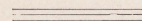
The Class of '08 has always been noted for its numbers and its great intelligence, from the primary up. When we entered the High School there were twenty-six who came from the eighth grade, while four seemed to think it was a pretty good class and joined it as Freshmen. Of that number eighteen are now Sophomores while seven others have been picked up by the wayside. I am sure all of these feel proud to belong to the class. It is very probable that we shall be the largest class to graduate thus far in the history of the High School.

In our Freshmen year we were thought, by some of our teachers, to be a very well-behaved class, while others seemed to think exactly the opposite. A few of our number were very fond of visiting the Superintendent's office last year, and probably that is the reason we are all so good this year. I think all of our teachers will agree that the Sophomores are a model class. Our great intellectual ability is shown by the fact that, last semester, we won the English History contest with the Juniors and Seniors.

We have some very noted members in our class. Any one who has attended the High School entertainments will acknowledge the fact that we have a wonderful violinist, Josephine Tiffany. One of our athletic members, Will Tuttle, is noted for his size as well as his foot-ball

playing. Margaret Nelson and Margaret McMann, our star elocutionists, will surprise the world, some day, with their eloquence; while Jamie Ryan is unsurpassed even by Kankakee. We are much loved by all our teachers, Jesse Wilson being a special favorite. If it wasn't for Will Hayden's sunny smile, the North room would be a rather gloomy place. We have many other "stars" besides those already mentioned.

Taken as a whole it would be hard to find a better class than that of '08.



When Mike wanted to be naturalized and the judge asked : " Have you read the Constitution of the United States ? "

" No, sor," answered Mike.

" Have you ever read the Declaration of Independence ? "

" No, sor," answered Mike.

" Well," asked the judge, angrily, " what have you read ? "

Mike scratched his head and then answered : " I have red hairs on the back of me nick, sor."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### History of the Freshmen Class.

BY ANNA KEEFER.

"Strange things, we know, will happen,—  
Strange things the Lord permits;  
Strangest of all things is that I should be called on  
To write the history of the Freshmen of 1906."

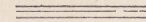
We entered the High School, September 4, 1905, and began our studious careers as Freshmen. We were full of hope, and ambitious to break all previous records, and leave behind us foot-prints, which would take a class with a very good-sized understanding to duplicate. In fact we were not only studious pupils but we were so high-spirited and full of animal life that we have already, during our short reign,

Obliged one good teacher to resign,  
And seek a more congenial clime.  
Another from the city came,  
But, ere two weeks had passed,  
She, too, said farewell to one and all  
Of the brilliant Freshman Class.

At last we were obliged to subdue our high spirits and get down to hard work, under the careful training of our present "wielder of the birch", from the far-famed breakfast-food regions of Michigan.

Although our paths were beset with many difficulties, we have diligently sought to master them. Many the struggles we have had with Ancient History and Latin; but we were not to be discouraged by such trifles. In

spite of all our trials and tribulations, our lives, as Freshmen have been very happy; and we leave you to look, watch and wait to hear even greater things from us when we become Sophomores.



An Irishman just got off a steamer and wanted to register, but could not write. So an officer said that he would do the writing for him.

"What is your name?" asked the officer. Pat said something very low.

"Louder," said the officer. Again Pat repeated his name very softly.

"Louder," said the officer. "Why, man, your voice is as soft as a lady's."

"That moight be," yelled Pat, "me mither was a lady."



Said Henry Ward Beecher to the hen: "You are such a beautiful creature."

The hen just for that laid an egg in his hat, thus did the Hen re-Ward Beecher.





HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

The teachers and pupils of the High School hereby desire to express their thanks to Father Labrie for the Scientific American and Literary Digest during the present year; to Mrs. Will Hoag for McClure's Magazine; and to the W. C. T. U. for the picture of Miss Willard and the books telling of her life.



The Year Book Staff wish to express their gratitude to those whose generosity made possible the cash prizes awarded in the Year Book Contest.

### Momence High School Graduates who are Attending Higher Institutions of Learning.

<b>University of Illinois.</b>	
Frank VanInwagen,	'04
Carrie Clarke,	'04
Clyde Parmely,	'04
Edward Porter,	'00
<b>University of Chicago.</b>	
Blendena Miller,	'03
Georgia Bennett,	'05
<b>Illinois State Normal University.</b>	
Hallie Selby,	'05
<b>University of Notre Dame.</b>	
Edward Cleary,	'04
<b>St. Viator's College.</b>	
Will Cleary,	'98
<b>Waterman Hall.</b>	
Virginia Tabler,	'05
<b>DePauw University.</b>	
Anna Templeton,	'04
<b>Indiana State Normal School.</b>	
George Porter,	'01
Ezra Porter,	'02
<b>Northwestern University.</b>	
Grace M. Seaman,	'02





## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### County Oratorical Contest.

The annual oratorical contest of the county was held at the assembly room of the Kankakee High School building May 4, 1906. A large crowd was present from the neighboring towns, Momence, especially, being well represented.

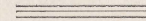
Our boys met with defeat at the track meet with an undaunted spirit, as was shown by the yells given in the evening.

The first number on the program was a solo by Miss Carmichael, of Kankakee, followed with a prayer by Rev. B. B. Evans. Then came the orations. A larger number of schools than ever before were represented. The first prize, a gold medal, was awarded to Perry Day, of Kankakee. His subject was "The Pendulum of Progress." It was a very good oration and was spoken in a way that showed talent as an orator. The second prize was awarded to Harry Whittum, of Herscher. The Momence contestant, Miss Clennie Little, had a fine oration on "Hypatia" and she delivered it in a pleasing and eloquent manner.

After the "Bill of Fare" given by the St. Anne High School Girls' Glee Club, the declamatory contest begun. The declaimers spoke well, and it was a close decision between three. But finally the first prize a gold medal was given to Bernice DuMontelle, of St. Anne, who gave a selection on the "Ruggles Family." The second prize was awarded to Miss Margaret Nelson, of Momence, who gave a pathetic selection entitled "Tobe's Monument."

It was spoken in a manner that showed her ability as a speaker.

Momence was proud of her contestants, and, although defeated, will spur itself on in the hope of better results next year.

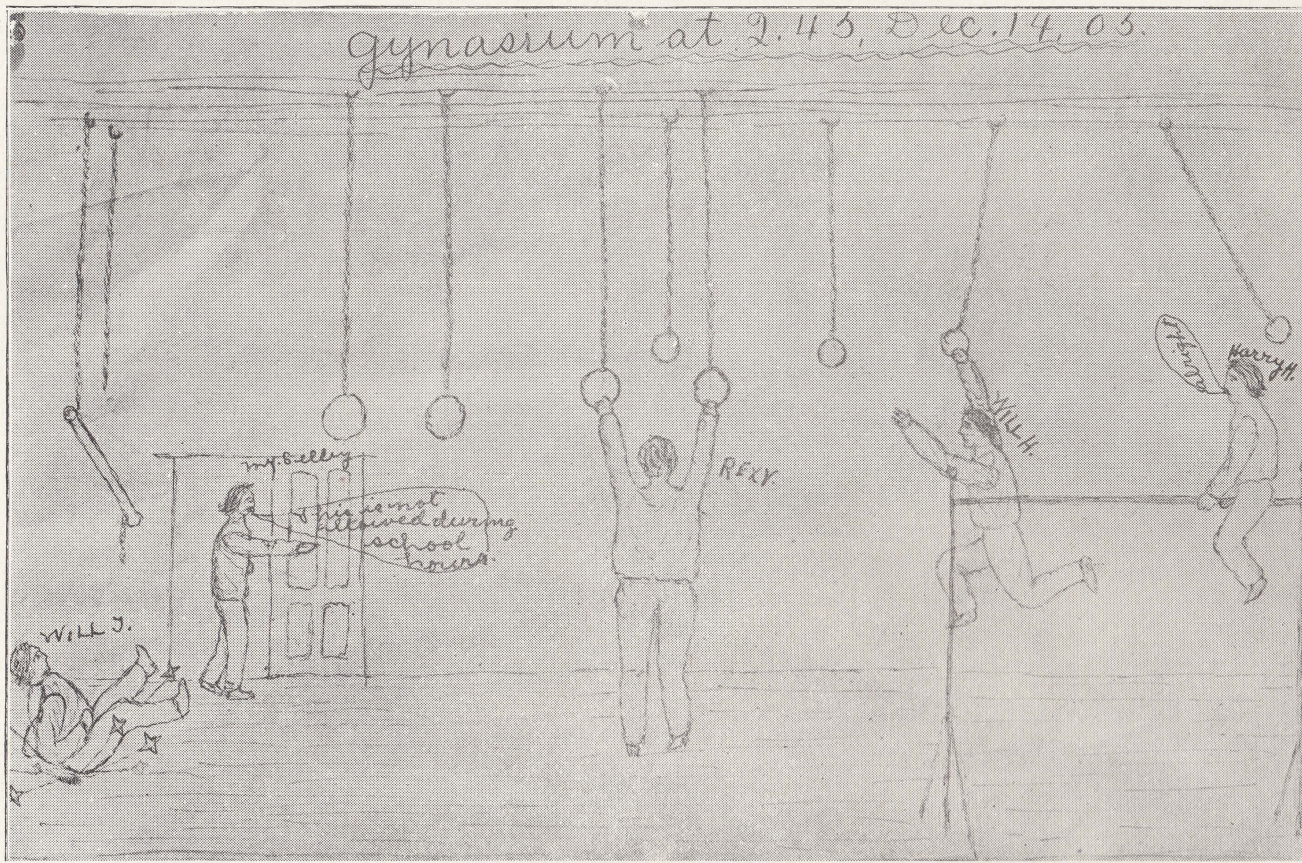


### The Value of an Education Figured in Dollars and Cents.

Boys who get tired of going to school should read the following, written by Superintendent Adams, of Fayette (Ohio) College:

"The average educated man gets a salary of \$1,000 per year. He works forty years, making a total of \$40,000 in a lifetime. The average day laborer gets \$1.50 per day, 300 days in the year, or \$450 in a year. In forty years he earns \$18,000. The difference, or \$22,000, equals the value of an education. To acquire this earning capacity requires twelve years at school of 180 days each, or 2,160 days. Divide \$22,000, the value of an education, by 2,160, number of days required in getting it, we find that each day at school is worth a little more than \$10 to a pupil. Can't afford to miss school, can we.—School Topics.





FIRST PRIZE CARTOON, BY REX VANE.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Recollections of an Old Settler.

BY A. S. VAIL.

Momence is, today, a thriving little city of about three thousand inhabitants, but I can remember very clearly the time when but a few tiny houses clustered about the bend in the Kankakee. Now when the interests of the city seem to be broadening so rapidly, I enjoy very much to look back upon those times and call to mind a few of the happenings, which, taken altogether, form the varied but interesting history of our home town.

Many years ago, I met an old man who had been a fur trader through this part of the country at the time of the Revolution. He told me, among other things, about a strange incident which happened among the Indians once while he was traveling through this part of the country. It seems that the chief of one tribe had killed a warrior in another. This caused hard feelings and on the day which he was telling about, the now hostile bands had decided to fight it out. Armed with bows, clubs, and various other weapons, they met on the prairie near where I now reside. One company of braves was drawn up in a straight line opposite the other, and as they were in a mood for fighting it looked as if a bloody battle would ensue with the possible result of the annihilation of all. In the space between the two ranks of Indians stood their respective chiefs talking earnestly together and walking up and down the lines parleying with each other and their tribesmen. At last the two turned back to back and step-

ping off for thirty paces, each suddenly turned about, simultaneously, giving their respective war whoops. At that instant the chief guilty of the crime threw up his hands and the other buried an avenging knife in the heart of his warrior's murderer. Thus the latter gave his life for those of his tribe, because if the two opposing parties had fought many would have been killed. This shows the noble spirit of the Indians who roved these prairies in those almost forgotten years when no white man but the fur trader was seen from one moon to another.

I came here in the November of 1836. Soon after, the few settlers gathered together and decided to call the little town Loraine, but a few years later the name was changed to Momence. The Indian name from which it was supposed to be taken was, however, Moness. At that time for sixteen miles north of the river on the Range line there was not even any bushes, only burnt prairie. Our nearest neighbors were fifty miles away at Chicago. I was the first postmaster and also built the first frame school house in Kankakee county. My sister-in-law, Loraine Beebe, was the teacher. It then cost twenty-five cents to send a letter from the East, and two cents for a newspaper.

The chief of the Pottawatomie Indians, White Pigeon, had his wigwam then a few miles up the river. When told that his excessive use of "fire-water" grieved the Great Spirit, he promptly replied in an earnest manner: "White man no make um, Indian no drink um."

One of the habits of a few of the settlers is shown by



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

this little incident. One of the school boys in the process of learning his alphabet had great difficulty in remembering the letter "t." To suggest it to him his teacher said, "What do you drink every morning for breakfast?" The little fellow promptly replied, "I takes a dram."

As far as can be ascertained, the first Fourth of July celebration in this state was held here in 1837. Everyone came for miles around, even from Chicago, and in all a company of about sixty-one assembled. The orator was a man visiting here from the state of Vermont. Another number on the program was the rendition of "Brutus and Cassius" by Newel Beebe and Charles Thatcher. This affected the audience strongly, many of them being convinced it was meant in real earnest.

About forty years ago a company of men while hunting bees in the sand-ridges south of town, discovered three men making counterfeit silver money in a small shanty in the midst of a poplar grove. The next morning the bee chasers came back to arrest them, but the shack was burned and the men had disappeared. Although it was not known at that time, the counterfeiters were supplied with food by a neighboring farmer of the name of Van Rankins, and these supplies were carried back and forth by the latter's hired man. Soon after this a man and boy while going overland from the south to Chicago, took dinner with Van Rankins. The farmer admired the traveler's silver-mounted rifle very much but did not wish to pay the thirty dollars that was asked for it. But after the man had left,

Van Rankins sent his hired man after the rifle with the required price in bills. But when this money was examined, it was found to be all counterfeit. The proper authorities were notified and the guilty parties were caught and brought to town. Then the hired man turned state's evidence and revealed that the counterfeiters who had been seen at work before were now on an island in Beaver Lake. A party at once went there and seized and brought them to Momence. As they had been engaged in this unlawful business in the state of Indiana, they were taken there, tried, found guilty and put in jail. Since that time the island in Beaver Lake has been known as Bogus Island.

These are but a few of the connecting links in the history of Momence which I have been fortunate enough to see forged, but space forbids that I should write further.







MOMENCE STATE & SAVINGS BANK, (Erected 1905.)



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Circus Maximus.

BY WILL DURHAM.

The show given by the High School, with the help of the grades, March 24, was a great success. It was given for the purpose of purchasing base ball suits for the boys. It netted about \$89.00, \$15.00 of which was distributed to the grades.

The show was preceded by a parade at 12 o'clock. It was certainly a great parade. In front were Weaver's Submarine Band, and a number of riders on horseback. Parish and Deliere of the latter troupe, caused much excitement by the splendid style in which they managed their fiery steeds (mules). Following the band was a miscellaneous group of celebrities, Apache Indians, Negro Cake Walkers, Gypsies who told fortunes, etc. F. Du-Frain, late of the Chicago police force, preserved excellent (?) order. The parade distinguished itself by separating, the band and cake walkers going one way, the mules another, and the troupe of horseback riders rode around aimlessly.

The show was arranged in the form of a Pike. You had a chance to see the sideshows, then you could witness the main show. A matinee was given in the afternoon for the benefit of the school children.

Upon entering the door of the school building, patrons were greeted by the yells of the barkers who drove them into their shows by their eloquence. Many went into the shows to escape the din made by these orators.

The first sideshow was in Miss Lamb's room and was certainly unique. The room was filled with wigwams and various other Indian articles, the only things lacking to remind the visitor this was not a real Indian village were the fires. Many a visitor had his fortune told by one of the squaws, some bought Indian articles, heard the Indians sing and then fled for their lives when one of the braves in the war dance started to take their scalps.

To relieve the nervous tension, some next went into Miss Barrett's room. In one corner was a curtain which, when drawn back, brought to view some of the world's most famous celebrities in the form of freaks. First there was Tom Thumb and his wife, then the woman with the remarkable growth of hair, next Miss Bosceetus the snake charmer, the tall man from Canadaw, Felix Bliss Kirby the fat boy, and finally the Gold Dust twins as they scrubbed the floor whiter than a boy's face on the first day of school.

Of course everyone visited Miss Holmes' room to see the negro singers and cake walkers. The negro lullabys, plantation songs and solos reminded him of a scene in the sunny South. The cake walkers, aided by the band of John Sousa Lafavee, whose time was one of the remarkable features of this performance. After the cake walk, J. S. Lafavee, an elegant darkey, presented to the winners a cake.

On the next floor above many stopped to get their fortunes told, and one learned that he is to be married five times; on his return he doubtless finds that he is like the



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

tender young maid of South Dakota who said she had been married four times. Since he does not understand fortune telling, small trifles like this make no difference to him.

On the floor above all were greeted with the beseeching wail of the barker, as they entered the tent (the laboratory) to find many different attractions. Prof. W. R. Nichols, the famous dog trainer, was entertaining an interested audience with his dog, whose tricks (the dog's) are first-class. They then saw the world renowned glass eater, VanSqueek, attempt to devour a few marbles and panes of glass. But as his gums were rather sore he contented himself by eating rock candy. Those who entered the Hereafter and returned with blanched faces and chattering teeth, did not call up any pleasant pictures of the future.

The back of Philomathean Hall was curtained off, and visitors entered in time to see the work of the acrobats under the leadership of Prof. Lorenzo Monenzo. The work of the clowns and acrobats was startling. Indeed after the show the performers received offers from Bar-num, Prof Reno and the White Spear Remedy Company.

Some pilgrims betook themselves to the candy stand and here found themselves too late to buy any candy or popcorn balls, which owing to their delicious flavor, were disposed of in a very short time.

The orchestra was now playing a beautiful selection and the main show began. Good music was rendered,

Piano solos which were excellent, by the quartette who surpass the nightingales, by the High School Glee Club whose well rendered selections are greatly enjoyed, and finally by the orchestra whose playing was one of the features of the main show.

One excellent feature of the program was the wax figures of Madam Jarley. The visitor laughed at the tramp, felt a wonderful interest in nature when they saw Maud Muller raking hay, forgot to breathe when they tried to execute a wretched woman and cut off her wig, who after looking around to see that no one is watching wiped his eyes when the babes in the woods die, and on account of the sad tale of Romeo and Juliet. Madam Jarley with her clear explanations held the audience interested in these figures. Considering that these dummies had but a week's training, their instructor must have given untiring energy in the production of these works of art.

Four High School boys next appeared and sprang a few petrified jokes. Following this they enacted a burlesque on the meat trust in which poor Spot, the dog, was changed into sausage. Next the hearts of the audience beat with fond recollections as a part of the song "Old Oaken Bucket" was acted.

This was followed by the "Dream of Youth." This represented the reverie of a man dreaming of old sweethearts. As he sat in the dim twilight he heard strains of beautiful music, and in fancy, visions of former sweethearts appear before his half closed eyes. This scene was one of the



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

most striking of the evening.

When the boys make appearance in their new base ball suits this year, they will think of those who so willingly assisted them to earn them. In the gratitude of their hearts they will doubtless furnish season tickets to all who made the show a success.

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Tramp—"Can't you give a poor man something to eat? I was shot in the war and can't work."

Woman—"Where was you shot?"

Tramp—"In the spinal column."

Woman—"Go 'way! There was no such battle."

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I m the champion long distance cornet player. I entered a contest once and played "Annie Laurie."

Did you win?

No, my opponent played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever."

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When I was eating my dinner today, the butter ran.  
That's nothing. I was up town last night and saw a cake walk.

## Year Book Contest and Banquet.

BY FLOYE BROWN.

The Year Book contest began on February 12th, and closed February 26th.

The school had previously been divided into two sections with Will Durham as leader of the "Yellows" and Harry Hoag of the "Blacks."

The first report was in favor of the "Blacks," 44 to 91, and for seven following mornings the "Blacks" were still ahead. That they felt sure of victory is shown by the fact that the captain of the "Blacks" went hunting while the members of his side spent their time in wondering what kind of a banquet the "Yellows" were going to give. But the "Yellows" were not to be so easily beaten. While there was time there was hope, and so they acted accordingly. When the last report was given the "Yellows" had sold 320 copies of the Year Book, and the "Blacks" 256.

So, on March 10, it was the "Blacks" who gave the banquet, and not the "Yellows."

The Philomathean Hall was used for the games and an entertainment given by the losing side. In this program Weaver's Band was the principal feature.

After the program a two course lunch was served. The crowd then adjourned at an early hour, tired but happy.

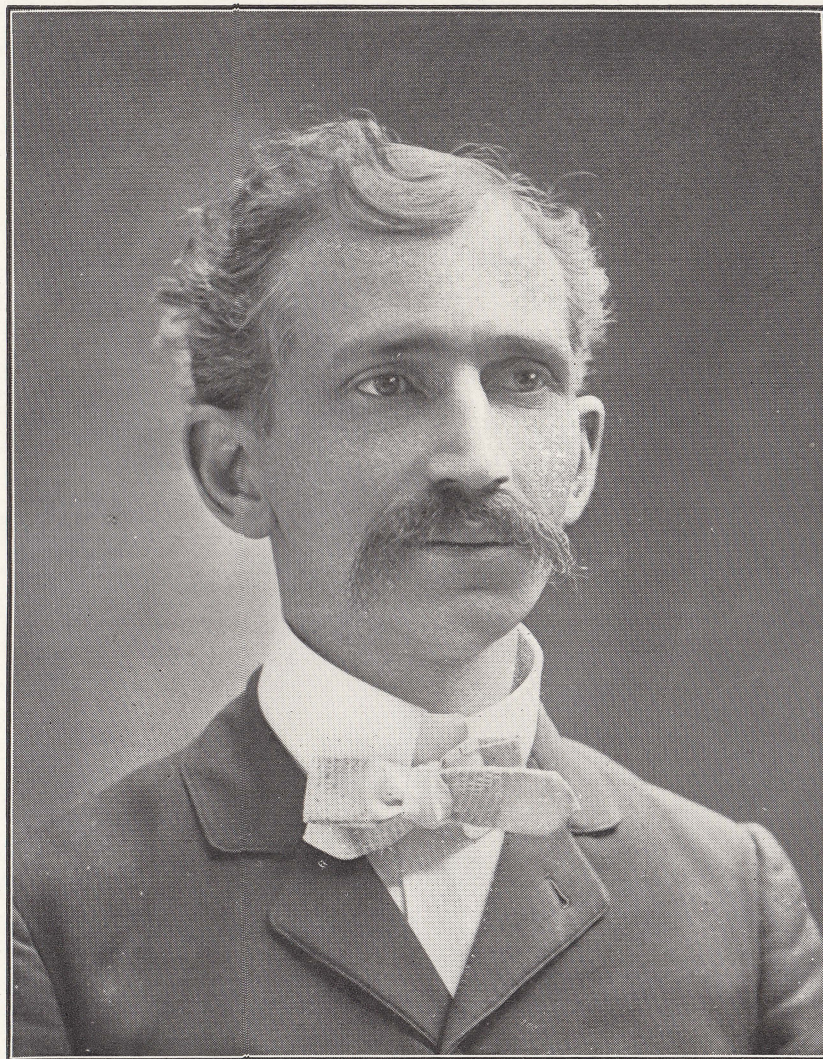


## Classifications.

First Prize, Frank Weaver. Second Prize, Will Hanson.

Name.	Nickname.	Disposition.	Occupation.	Pet Phrase.	Favorite Song.	Summary.
Richard Nichols	Dick	Well oiled	Making eyes	My goodness	In the Shade of the old Apple Tree	All right
Levi Haslett	Stork	Fair	Strolling	Well, humph	Irish Washerwoman	Tip top
Irene Buckner	Lengthy	Fickle	Shutting windows	O, dear	Kentucky Babe	Will pass
John Bukowski	Democrat	Changeable	Making faces	You're crazy	Rosie O'Grady	Fair
Nellie Loghry	Nell	Sweet	Gasing	O, fudge	Country Fair	About right
Margaret Nelson	Marge	Quick tempered	Studying for the contest	O, yes	Goin' a Mayin'	She'll do
Gailard Hess	Hessie	Mild	Practicing a cornet	Say kido	Blue Bell	Great
Mabel Popejoy	Pope	Explosive	Singing	I guess not	When the Autumn Leaves Fall	A success
Clarence DuMontelle	Chick	Smooth	Driving delivery wagon	Don't get huffy	Capt. Jinks	Cute
Hazel Broad	Goody	Angelic	Studying Physics	O, dear	Nearer My God to Thee	E plus
Miss Chesney		Independent	Studying the stars	Now what	My heart's in the Highland	Captivating
Harry Hoag	Hog	Fast and furious	Practicing feats	Aw	Old Oaken Bucket	Swell
Rex Vane	Galoot	Slow	Clerking	That's right	Starry Night for a Ramble	Quite nice
Beatrice Barsalou	Bee	Gentle	Playing piano	O, goodness	In Peace and Union	Fine
Lenore Halpin	Spec	Lightning	Talking	Ump	Lights of Home	G plus
Will Tuttle	Butler	Good natured	Playing football	Say	Tune the old Cow Died on	Bully
Will Parish	Texas	Peaceful	Laughing	Aw, don't	Mary had a Little Lamb	About it
Will Hayden	Bill	Fitful	Making dates	Skinny give me a chaw	America	Charming
Arthur Giroux	Geruks	Calm	Being good	Honest	Good Old Summer Time	Great
Nina Fish	Roy	Harmless	Giggling	O, I don't know	Sing a Song of Six "Pence"	Do for a Cook





R. E. SELBY, SUPERINTENDENT.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### "The Masterpiece."

FIRST PRIZE STORY.—BY NELLIE LOGHREY.

In the great cities, where men's lives are too busy to pay any attention to the common occurrences of life, there happens, daily, any number of little episodes, which, if they could be told in print, would supply the world with reading, some bright and beautiful, some grave and sad.

Our hero appears in Berlin, about five o'clock in the afternoon of a hazy September day, looking anxiously up and down the broad avenues and lingering around the city until about eight o'clock in the evening.

Why should anyone notice this man? He was not attractive in his old grey coat and slouched hat. His step was uncertain and yet there was something in those soft, grey eyes that showed more than poverty and ignorance, something in that honest face that showed power, even genius.

And then when darkness had settled on the city, as if seized by a sudden impulse, he turned down one of the narrower streets with a determined step. He met crowds of people going to some place of amusement, perhaps, but he was unconscious of all that happened. Seemingly he had some object in view, and that he could not reach too quickly. On and on he went until he came to a row of brightly illuminated houses. Evidently he knew the place for he sought out one of these, walked quickly across the lawn and concealed himself near one of the large windows

where he could see all that happened within.

Alas! how sad are some of the changes in life. Seven years ago Hans Bede had known the joys and comfort of a bright, happy home. Had he but had ambition, his genius would have brought him riches, but he was shiftless, he made frequent attempts at painting and art but never accomplished anything. His family was suffering as a result and when sickness came, Amy, his lovely wife, lost confidence in him and misery entered his life. "Ah, some day I will paint a masterpiece," he would say, but that day never came and Amy ceased to hope for it. She sent Hans away and supported her little family alone until her father took her back to live with him. And as Hans stood beneath that father's window, all the memories of the past came to him. He had been a heartless, indolent husband and father. He had neglected all that was most dear to him in life, but now, stung with shame and pride, a new determination filled his soul.

Who was that beautiful child standing by the tall, gilded harp with the old man? Ah, he knew too well. It was his own little daughter whom he had left so long ago. And the old man was, undoubtedly, her grandfather and he was teaching her to play. What a beautiful picture it was. Hans was impressed with its loveliness. He was inspired. Could not that be his masterpiece? Yes, he was determined it should. And thus he stood, forgetful of everything, until someone seized him roughly by the shoulder and in a coarse voice, said, "So you're the one who has



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

been doing all this mischief, are you? All right, come along with me." Before Hans could realize it, he had handcuffs on and was being led away. He could not understand it. Why were they so hasty? What had he done? It was easily explained. Two nights before this, that house had been broken into and Amy's father had been robbed. Since then a special officer had been hired to guard the place and Hans fell his victim. Charged with this crime he tried hard to prove his innocence, but all in vain. Evidence was against him and he was sent to prison.

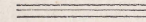
What could come out of this condition but despair? What had there ever been in life for him since Amy ceased to care for him? How much less was there in prison? And then his face brightened. He remembered his resolution. Once more the inspiration came to him, once more the determination seized him. He would paint the masterpiece.

After much pleading, he was supplied with the necessary material and he set to work with a zeal he had never known before.

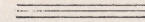
Day after day he labored in his dark cell. Night after night he studied and pondered over each point and line until the picture was finished. Then he sent it to the art critics and two days later there appeared in the daily papers of that city an account of a wonderful painting which had been completed by an unknown man in prison and which had been placed in the great art gallery of that city.

It aroused much attention and curiosity. Crowds of people went to see that picture and among them was Amy. As soon as she saw it she recognized her own child and her own father and she knew who the artist was.

No longer does Hans roam from city to city in poverty, no longer does he know the destitution of the prison with its rigid iron bars and dark cells, for he lives in a bright home where Amy and his little daughter are, and where, not long ago, he stood without and received that grand inspiration for his masterpiece.



A man who was bow-legged was drying himself by a fire, when a small boy came in. The boy, noticing the man's legs, cried out: "Look out, mister, you're warping."



"Mamma, do they go camping in hades?"

"Why, no. What made you think so?"

"The Sunday school teacher said the heat was intense."





PHYSICS LABORATORY.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### The Study of Physics.

BY T. H. MACDONALD.

The existence of every civilized man of the twentieth century is, more or less, vitally dependent on the great motor powers of nature. If one is to be truly educated then, it would seem that a knowledge of the conditions on which his very existence depends must be essential.

In this age of steam, steel, and electricity, the sciences are rapidly driving the dead languages from their former important positions in college and high school curriculums. This is as it should be, from the standpoint of practicality, at least.

In spite of the ever increasing value of a knowledge of science, whether or not all pupils shall be required to take up the study of physics, is one of the vexed questions of the educational world today. The difficulty of making the subject interesting to all types of minds is responsible for this. To some students, the mastery of the principles of nature's laws presents an almost insurmountable obstacle, study as hard as they may, even though they be excellent in other courses. If the subject is "required", this class of students acts as dead weight on the progressive element of their fellows and exhausts the instructor's powers of elucidation seemingly to no purpose. No pupil, however, can fail to get, from such a course, a general idea of the important principles, even though he should fail to acquire any considerable analytical know-

ledge of the subject. However, be that knowledge as slight and superficial as it may, in view of the constant demands made on such knowledge, it cannot fail to be of comparatively great importance.

The injustice of holding those pupils, whose mathematical bent makes progress less difficult, is obvious; and, in a large number of schools, the course has been made elective for this very good reason. The importance of some knowledge of the subject, however, we cannot escape, in this mechanical age. And the logical solution of the problem seems to be the offering of two courses in physics, either of which shall be required. One should be a short, general and very elementary course, covering the principles of more common application, having the longer laboratory course optional.

This suggestion is given with an appreciation of the difficulties that would be encountered in preparing a satisfactory text book for the shorter course, and of the fact that already the teaching forces are inadequate to the present overcrowded condition of high school curriculums.

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Mike—"Say, Pat, why are you painting so fast?"

Pat—"Begorra! I want to get the barn painted before the paint runs out."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Department of History.

BY MABEL GROVES.

In History the Momence High School offers a very comprehensive three-year course.

During the first year of the course the student's attention is directed, chiefly, to the periods of Ancient Greece and Rome. The last ten weeks of this year are devoted to the study of the rise and progress of modern European nations.

The second year begins the study of English history. Eighteen weeks, (first semester), are given to the consideration of this department and furnish a fine foundation for future investigations along the line of American history. This study begins with the second semester of the second year. Our Historical Library has, within the present year, been much enriched by the addition of numerous reference works not usually found outside a university library. Reprints of original documents, copies of letters actually written by the fathers and founders of our nation, mean something more than mere statements of facts. A student, who has access to such material and is under the direction of a live teacher, will never find history a dull subject.

The third year of the course finishes American History and furnishes an eighteen-weeks' course in civics.

### A Year's Improvement in Momence.

BY CARRIE HANSON.

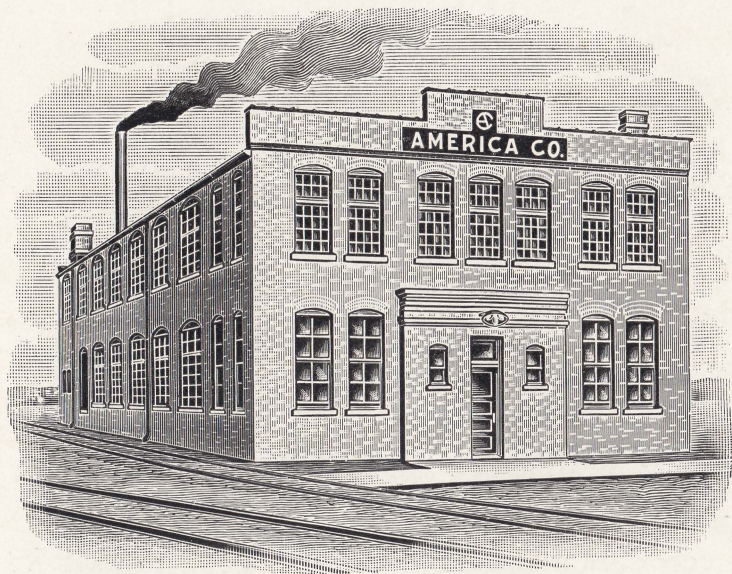
Momence has a population of about 3,000 and seems to be entering upon a period of what promises to be a great business and commercial growth; or, to use a more familiar term, Momence is on the "boom".

It is a town which is destined to become quite a railroad center. Traversing it now are the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, the Coal Branch, the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa, the Chicago & Southern, and the Illinois, Iowa & Minnesota railroads. The Illinois, Iowa & Minnesota Railway has recently completed its line from the north-west to Momence, and the Chicago & Southern, also a new railroad, passes through the eastern end of the county, from north to south, crossing the river about three miles above Momence.

Inspired by the impetus given by the railroad building, the business men of Momence have begun an earnest endeavor to secure the location of factories; and, already, their efforts have been, in a measure, successful. The America Company has already completed a splendid factory building in the new division between the rights-of-way of the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa and the Illinois, Iowa & Minnesota railroads.

This is believed to be but the forerunner of numerous institutions which will be brought to Momence by its attractive situation, excellent railroad facilities and enterprising citizens.





AMERICA COMPANY FACTORY.



LITTLE YELLOW BANKS,  
Scene on the Kankakee.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Although the railroad and industrial features of Momence are of large importance and promise still more for the future, never-the-less, Momence is not neglecting to beautify her city with new buildings. Aside from numerous dwelling houses, Momence has two new public buildings, of which she may, justly, be proud. One, the Momence State and Savings Bank, is a new enameled-brick building with red sandstone trimmings, on Front and Locust streets. The other is the Ganeer Town Hall, on Front street, a large substantial building which the citizens have long needed. It is rumored that the First National Bank, of Momence, is planning to build on Front and Range streets. This will add greatly to the beauty of the city as will other modern buildings on places where now are only small and unattractive structures.

During the past year a new foot-bridge has filled the hearts of more than a hundred pupils with joy. Although it is an especial benefit to the pupils, it is of great convenience to others, who were always afraid of a run-away or accident on the other bridge to which the foot-bridge is connected.

Although the past year has seen many improvements, we hope to see many more in the future, and may one of these improvements be a new High School building, which, on account of the crowded conditions of the schools, is much needed.

## Latin in the High School.

BY LAURA M. CHESNEY.

Years ago when a pupil entered upon his high school course, he was confronted with the question: "Shall I study Latin?" But today the pupil who is a student, and the pupil who desires to pursue his studies beyond the limited four years of the secondary school, merely says, "I must." Almost no culture course is offered that does not require some Latin. Besides conferring mastery over the sources of the mother tongue, the study of Latin affords a discipline, given by no other study. It calls for a concentration of the mind; it demands respect for details; it necessitates a good English vocabulary, and trains in careful expression. In the last, the Latin is superior to either the French or German. All modern thought is essentially the same, while the ancient brings up new phases. The average student is deficient in the art of expression. The trouble with most students of English today is their want of the right word. The aim of the Latin course should be primarily to aid the student to make his study of Latin supplement his work in English.

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He—"So you won't kiss and make up?"

She—"I won't make up."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### The Eighth School Year.

BY MISS ANGENETTE CRISSEY.

The children of eighth school year age find application to study somewhat difficult, because so much energy is being used for the physical growth that less is left for the mental development. Then it is that they need encouragement from the home and from the school. The subjects taught should be so handled as now and then to bring out instances of observation and practical knowledge gained by class individuals—thus establishing an introduction to new facts to be studied and learned.

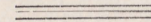
Arithmetic and grammar should be made outlets for their sense of justice by being directed toward accuracy of thought and of expression. In thought more than in word should the idea of the formation of habits for the future be. For that reason at this period when it is so easy for the pupils to be careless in the manner of expressing ideas and of executing them, unusual insistence is placed upon quality of work done rather than upon quantity. These subjects are well used in so doing. We must bear in mind, however, that the primary purpose of both is to increase ability to understand and enter into business and friendly relations with their fellow men.

History is valuable if presented so that the children forget themselves as far as to enter into the events with a personal interest and to trace the action from cause to result. Only by their learning the facts thoroughly can this true interest be aroused. In order to understand

present day conditions, the civic relations of the people to the government must be more fully emphasized, and so strongly that the facts will be remembered.

Commercial geography not only does this, but it also gives much room for reasoning as to why conditions of international trade are as they are. It gives a closer acquaintance with the leading countries of the world than has been gained by the geography previously studied, it gives a knowledge of the industries for which different parts of the United States are noted and of the raw and manufactured products for which she depends upon other nations.

Oral reproduction, as well as written compositions, are used to tell of actual facts and events or of things original and imaginary. By correlating spelling and word study to some extent with written and spoken thought, an opportunity is given the children to enlarge their vocabularies and variety of expression.



At the battle of Gettysburg, along with the bloodshed, there was a scene which made all present laugh. An Irishman got on a donkey, then the donkey began to kick and buck, and finally got one of his hind feet caught in the stirrup. The Irishman seeing this made haste to fall off, saying as he did so :

"Begorra ! If you're going to get on I'll get off."





EIGHTH YEAR PUPILS.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### The Annual Track Meet of the County Athletic Association.

[BY EDITOR ON ATHLETICS, HARRY HOAG.]

The seventh annual field and track meet was held at the County Fair Grounds in Kankakee, May 4, 1906. The track team of our school left on the 9:47 for Kankakee, wishing to get an early dinner, and be out to the track on time. At 12:30 a special train left Momence carrying a very good crowd of rooters who were anxious to see the Momence boys retrieve the honors which they lost the year before, but they were disappointed.

Nevertheless, our boys put up a good fight for the County banner, everyone doing his very best. The 50-yard dash was the first event and proved to be a very pretty race. According to the decision of the spectators Will Durham won, but the judges did not agree with them. Inkster of Herscher was awarded first, Durham second, and Pottenger of Kankakee third.

During the first half of of the contest the different scores ran along very closely and everyone thought the meet would be close, but they were mistaken. Beginning with the long runs our boys began to lose and from that time on luck seemed to be against them. Herscher won most the events in which Momence expected to make points, and when the meet ended the score stood as follows: Momence 28 points, Herscher 39, and Kankakee winner with a score of 59 points. Richard Nichols broke

all previous records in the running high jump by clearing 5 ft. 5 in., and the 440 yd. dash was run in fast time.

This meet was said to have been the best ever held on the Kankakee Fair Grounds. Good records were made and everyone did his best. Although Momence lost this year and last, they are not ready to give up, and intend to give Kankakee a close rub next year.

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Two little girls were discussing the progress in catechism study.

"I've got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?"

"Me? Oh, I'm way beyond redemption," said the other.

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"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" said a man to a crying boy.

"Pa fell down stairs."

"Don't take on so, my boy. He'll get better soon."

"That isn't it. Sister saw him fall all the way. I never saw nuffen."

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Teacher—"Now, then, stupid, what's the next word? What comes after cheese?"

Dull Boy—"A mouse, sir."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### In Memory of Mrs. Etta R. St. John.

Early on the morning of November 4th, the sad news that Mrs. St. John had but a few hours ago passed out and over to that beautiful land where tears and sorrows are no more, reached Momence. Among the most sincere mourners for this noble woman were the teachers and pupils of the Momence schools, who through years of association with her, knew her but to love her.

She was born in Brooklyn, Michigan, July 11th, 1856. When five years of age her mother died, but she found a parental love and care in the home of her aunt, Mrs. Randall, with whom at her mother's request she came to live.

Early in life signs indicated her possession of a superior mind. Her foster parents, seeing their privilege of rendering a service, not only to their daughter but to humanity as well, gave her an education, fitting her to be eminently useful to others. Winning her way to success at an early age, she chose teaching as her profession and soon won such distinction that she was eagerly sought by school boards, and being once secured they were loathe to give her up.

She was married in Momence on December 11, 1877, to Fred St. John, and for a number of years lived in Michigan and Kansas. During her residence in Stockton, Kansas, a great sorrow, occasioned by the death of an idolized child, came into her life. From 1884 to 1893 she was connected with the Stockton schools. She resigned in 1894 because of ill health, and came to Momence to live and

care for the mother who had watched over her in childhood, and her rare service in caring for the aged mother was a most beautiful sacrifice of love. She was for several years a teacher in the Momence schools, but resigned in September 1905, because of failing health.

About fourteen years ago Miss Margaret M. Dunn sought a home and companionship with her, which as the years went by grew to be very dear to both and became as beautiful as the story of Damon and Pythias. Their lives seemed to be the complement of each other, and their love for each other an eternal bond.

Through all the vicissitudes of life her determination to live and do life's duties never faltered. Sorrow left no trace of bitterness but made her life.

"Purer and sweeter, better, for pain." She was always self-sacrificing, devoted to her friends and brave in adversity to a degree that aroused the deepest admiration of those who knew her best. In her last illness she seemed to recognize the inevitable and looked the future in the face with the resignation of a saint and welcomed whatever God willed and went to her longed-for rest as one lies down to sleep. A beautiful life has ended here to be continued in the Heavenly land. Mrs. St. John was always a christian, and was a member of the Methodist church for years.

Hers was truly a lovely character, and her memory will linger with us to inspire us to greater faith and trust, and higher living, and surely

"Some day when the veil is turned aside  
We shall find she is living and never died."





HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS' GLEE CLUB.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### America's Greatest Problem.

SECOND PRIZE ORATION BY MYRTLE CROSBY.

"O, America, thou loved home of the free,  
Dispel the cloud that now hangs over thee."

is the warning of every true-hearted American. That the sky of the American nation is darkened by a cloud, is no longer a question. It is an acknowledged fact. The question is, how will she meet this problem? Will she meet it as heroically as her forefathers met the problems which confronted them? Who can forget the struggle of 1776? From the time the Mayflower resolutely set out to the bleak American shores, to the signing of the Declaration of Independence, America had cherished the hope of freedom. From the time of the first settlement in Virginia, to the beginning of the Revolution, she had longed for liberty. Then, when the yoke of tyranny became unbearable, she sacrificed her wealth, her heroes, her very life-blood for the sake of independence. When that was gained, the noble patriots laid the foundation for a mighty commonwealth, our United States. After nearly fifty years of progress, the dissolution of this Union was threatened.

In 1861 two problems confronted the American nation, secession and slavery. Again she proved equal to the occasion. Under the leadership of Lincoln, these questions were settled once for all. America received "a new birth of freedom," and "government of the people, by the

people and for the people," did not perish from the earth.

Now, in the beginning of the twentieth century, slavery again appears. It is not the slavery of a liberty-loving people to a despotic ruler as in 1776. It is not the slavery of the negroes to the whites as in 1861. It is the slavery of the whole American race to an evil habit—drink. The number of its victims is steadily increasing. A turning point must soon be reached when this nation will be freed from her chains, or will start on her course of inevitable decline.

Let us look at some of the results of the liquor traffic, both financially and morally. Let us see what it is doing toward the ruin of our republic. The people of America spend one billion dollars annually for drink. This is one billion dollars spent in making criminals to fill the penitentiaries, in making paupers to fill the poor houses, and maniacs to fill the asylums. The people are burdened with taxes to support these institutions—to pay for the lawlessness and crime brought about by the use of liquor. At the same time, from the proceeds of this traffic, the brewers and saloonkeepers live in luxury—luxury that is gained by transforming God's creatures into brutes. Reliable statistics show that 90 per cent. of the crime committed in this country are caused by the use of alcoholic drinks. These crimes, together with the insanity, pauperism and disease resulting from strong drinks, cost the nation six hundred million dollars. The industrial life of



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

the nation is also affected by this evil. The cost of the loss of industry is one billion dollars annually. Thus, we see that the people of America pay out every year two and a half billion dollars on account of the liquor traffic. And what do they get in return? Their homes are broken up, their hopes shattered, their lives ruined.

When man was created in the image of the Divine, he was given an insight into the higher and nobler things of life, a will power to do what he thought was right. Drink mars his character and drags him down to the lowest level, weakening him until his passions are beyond his control. He loses his love for both God and man. All becomes subservient to his one ruling passion, a craving for more drink. For this, he sacrifices his health, home, and happiness. He cannot see the destruction which is sure to come. He hears nothing but the voice of the tempter urging him to his ruin. Then, when it is too late to retrace his steps, he finds himself helpless and homeless, with all that he held most dear in life gone forever.

Thus we see that liquor destroys men physically, mentally and morally, and what affects the people of the nation affects the nation as a whole. It destroys the home, thus imperiling the future of the nation. The saloon is opposed to all education, refinement and culture—to everything that tends to lift man up, and give him higher ideals and nobler ambitions.

Then it certainly is opposed to the welfare of the nation. Then the saloon is a public enemy, and should be

dealt with as such.

We have seen how other enemies of the republic have been overthrown—how our forefathers gave their lives for the preservation of our nation. Shall their efforts all have been in vain, because of our inability to cope with the problems of our age? Shall we, in this advanced state of civilization, be outdone in loyalty by the Americans of fifty years ago? Of more than a century ago? No. Let us shoulder our responsibility and prove that we, too, are true Americans. Let us free our native country from the slavery which now threatens her—a slavery which will drag her down to destruction and ruin. Let us completely annihilate this enemy which is bent on destroying our life and liberty.

But the question arises, how can this be done? Our ancestors settled their problems by warfare and bloodshed. If we could be freed of our enemy by the use of arms, how gladly the loyal citizens would shoulder their muskets and risk their lives. But times are changed. We cannot settle this question by war. We must turn to some more sensible and peaceful method, for war is inconsistent with our civilization and religion.

There is one way by which this enemy can be destroyed, and that is by the votes of the American citizens. Then on these depends the future of America. Would that they could realize how great a responsibility is placed upon them, and act accordingly! In their hands lies the power to free their country from this evil, or allow her to be de-



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

stroyed by it. It is for them to decide whether America shall be the foremost nation of the world, or shall now start on her downward course. They alone can drive this evil from the cities, from the counties, from the states, and from the nation.

When a man votes for the saloons he votes for the ruin of his fellow countrymen, and against all forces that tend to better man. He votes for the destruction of his country. Who of the American citizens wish to see our nation and government overthrown—to see America the least of all nations instead of the greatest? Let no such American be found. Let us all be loyal to the Stars and Stripes. Let us avert this ruin which threatens us. Let us be true to our boasts of freedom, and cast our ballots in such a way that America shall again be free—that she shall no longer be bound by the chains of slavery. Let us answer successfully the greatest problem that ever confronted the American race—the problem on which the destiny of America depends. Then will her banner of freedom be unspotted. Then will she be an ideal nation, living in harmony with God and man.

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Flo's best beau is Ebenezer, they call him Eb, her Flo,  
for short  
And talk about the tides of love, great caesar, you ought  
to see 'em—Eb and Flo.

## The Father's Care.

BY MYRTLE CROSBY.

The snow is softly falling,  
Like messengers from above.  
So peaceful and so holy,  
Sweet messengers of God's love.

He cares for the grass and the flowers;  
He heaps them o'er with snow;  
He keeps them warm beneath it,  
When cold winter winds do blow.

He'll surely care for us, then,  
When storms are raging without,  
When we are sad and weary,  
When we're filled with fear and doubt.

He'll help us win our battles,  
He'll guide us all the way,  
He'll bring us Home triumphant,  
At the close of our brief stay.





## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Hallowe'en 1905.

FIRST PRIZE COMIC POEM—FRANK WEAVER.

Listen, good people, and to you shall be told,  
The midnight adventure of Harry the Bold.  
The thirty-first of October nineteen fye—  
Many a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, Richard Coeur de Lion,  
"Tonight the fun be yours and mine,  
So disguised shall we be,  
The cops from us shall flee."  
Then he said, "Good-bye 'till this eve,  
When we all our friends shall deceive."

The night was dark and still  
When they climbed to the window sill.  
When once inside they began to doubt  
Why they had come, and what they were about.

As they ascended the stairs with stealthy tread,  
Richard the Lion-hearted bumped his head.  
"Hist! Stop that noise," quoth Harry the Bold,  
"Or our adventure will be dearly sold,  
"For methinks I see a light  
In that large room to the right."  
"Say, let's go back," spake Richard, the brave;  
"Naw, not now; are you going to cave?"

So they wended their way to the north room old,  
And what they did will now be told;  
They at once began with their mischief making;  
Both thought it great fun which they were partaking.  
From all the desks (except one) the papers they scattered,  
O, they did a fine job, they themselves flattered.  
But why one desk was left untouched we surmise  
That that was the desk of Harry so wise.

At precisely one by the school house clock,  
Sir Harry (in the window) received quite a shock;  
For below about sixty feet, prowling around,  
Was the broad-shouldered marshall of this little town;  
He had, perchance, heard the fall of a book,  
And as he did he upward looked  
And saw the dark outline of a figure there,  
And said to himself, "Now I'll give him a scare."

A sudden report of a big 44  
So startled Sir Harry that he fell to the floor;  
He rose to his feet and with all his might and main  
Hastened down stairs and to his home again;  
But Richard the Bold,  
With his heart in his mouth and his toes turning cold,  
Hiked to a closet, while great beads of sweat  
Rolled down his face, till his collar was wet.  
And he moaned, and he cried, "O, mercy! O, me!  
Am I deserted? Can such a thing be?"  
While the policeman below chuckled with glee  
And kept poor Richard a prisoner till three.

EN VOI.

Sir Harry the Brave, for many a night  
Was kept to his bed on account of his fright;  
"Tricks may be bought, and tricks may be sold,  
But I've had my fill," quoth Harry the Bold.  
Poor Richard, he never recovered from the night,  
And is today a most pitiful sight;  
His eyes sunken in, he has lost ninety pounds,  
His legs are shaky and his mind is unsound.

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Little Girl—"Have you any fancy colors in egg dyes?"

Druggist—"Yes. What do you want of them?"

Little Girl—"Well, mamma is having trouble with her stomach and the doctor's said that she's got to diet and she wants some fancy colors."





RESIDENCE OF D. C. RIKER.



RESIDENCE OF R. E. MOON.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### A Way Provided.

SECOND PRIZE STORY, BY MYRTLE CROSBY.

"O, John, I'm glad you've come. The afternoon seemed so long." The speaker was a pale faced little woman who was lying on a bed in the corner of the room. John was a tall, slender youth of eighteen years. He was the only son of this poor widow, and now, as he looked pityingly down at his little mother, he was thinking what might have been if his father had not been bound by the chains of drink until he had fallen under the curse, and left his family of two with nothing but a miserable hut in the outskirts of Newark. He often thought of this, but he never said anything about it to his mother. He always tried to be cheerful in her presence, so today he put aside his moody thoughts and answered: "Poor little mother, I expect it is lonesome here all alone. Didn't Mrs. Miller come over to see if you wanted anything?"

"Yes, she was here about two o'clock. The doctor came this afternoon, too. He seems to think I am getting along all right. Maybe I will be able to be about again in three or four weeks. I must get to work again."

"Not as soon as that though. You have worked too hard already. I will be through school in five more months, and then I will be the bread winner. I almost think I ought to quit school and go to work."

"No, John, I want you to get an education whatever comes. We have about forty dollars left in the little tin box. That will last us until school is out."

"Mother, do you suppose I will ever get to go to college?" he asked wistfully.

"We must live in hope, John, and some way will be provided."

For a while there was silence in the room, each being busy with his own thoughts. Then John arose, and, after fixing the fire, went out to get the wood and water for the night. When Mrs. Parker was again alone she fell to thinking of some way by which her son could acquire a college education. She wanted him to make the most of life, for she felt that she had missed much because she had had little schooling. Her mother died when she was but fifteen, and she kept house for her father until he died two years later. Then she had kept house for her brother David until she was married. Life had few pleasures for her after that. The one she had loved proved faithless, and she found herself deserted by her brother, as well as her husband, for David Dunning would have nothing to do with his sister after she married "that worthless Tom Parker." Still Mrs. Parker prayed that David would become reconciled, but he had never been to see her since she had married, and that was nearly twenty years ago. In his school days he had been called "Dave, the obstinate," and he seemed to be living up to his name. There was but one person who could move his iron will, and that was his tender-hearted wife. She was always kind to her sister-in-law in a quiet way, and Mrs. Parker still hoped that through her a reconciliation could be effected.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

In fact, this very evening as Mrs. Dunning was preparing supper, she was wondering how she could best approach the subject of his visiting his sister, for she was becoming anxious about Mrs. Parker since she had been sick. She dreaded to broach the subject for she knew it would make him angry, but when she heard his footsteps on the porch, she had her mind all made up. So, when Mr. Dunning came in, she asked: "Are you going to town tomorrow, Dave?"

"Yes, Mary, do you want anything?"

"No, I guess not, but I wish you would stop and see Jane on your way home," she said hesitatingly.

"Now Mary, what's the use of you talking about that? You know I told her I'd never go there again, or recognize her as my sister after—"

"Yes, I know you said it, but what right have you to treat your only sister that way just because Tom turned out so badly, and is now in a drunkard's grave?"

"I was always against her marrying him. I knew he was a worthless fellow, but she wouldn't listen to me. Now she is getting punished for her folly," he retorted.

"We all make mistakes, and you should be more forgiving, Dave. Besides, you know she has been sick for some time. Perhaps they are in want. I know you will feel better about it if you stop and see her," she added more gently. Mr. Dunning did not answer. He always had to let his wife have the last word, but she was better to him than some wives are to their husbands, for her last words were

always spoken kindly. How could they be otherwise when they came from the depths of such a loving heart.

Mr. Dunning ate his supper in stubborn silence and sat down by the fire to read his evening paper. But his mind was not at ease, and he could not enjoy his reading. When Mrs. Dunning had finished the dishes and brought her knitting into the sitting room where she and her husband always sat in winter evenings, he did not share his paper with her, as he usually did, by reading bits of news aloud. Finally he laid his paper aside altogether, got up and wound the clock, and fastened the door for night.

"I am going to bed," he said rather shortly.

Mrs. Dunning did not answer for she knew in what direction his thoughts were turning, and was wise enough to let them take their course.

Mr. Dunning's disturbed mind would not allow him to go to sleep until nearly an hour had passed. When he fell asleep he was again a boy in the home of his childhood, and there was a little girl by his side in all his pleasures and sorrows. He again entered with her into a darkened room, where his father was spending his last few days on earth. Then he heard his father's voice saying, "Take care of Jane, Dave. Always be good to her and love her." Here he awakened with a start. What had he been dreaming? Ah, now he knew. He had forgotten all about that promise to his father. With a troubled conscience he turned over and again fell asleep. This time he saw a pale thin face, a face that bore some resemblance to the one he



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

had loved in his childhood. This time his sister Janie was lying sick in a darkened room, and she had no one to care for her. Would she too leave her troubles here and go to meet her father, because he had not kept his promise to care for her? Again he awoke, and this time he did not go to sleep again until he had resolved to go and see his sister.

The next morning Mr. Dunning seemed to have returned to his usual good humor, and Mrs. Dunning felt instinctively what he had resolved to do, but she was too prudent to ask any questions.

But now let us turn from the prosperous looking farm of Mr. Dunning to the small weather-beaten cottage in Newark. This cottage looks like many others of that part of town, except for a peculiar appearance of neatness about the place. The porch is swept, paths are shoveled in the snow, and in the windows are seen several blooming plants. Inside everything is as neat and clean as a faithful son's hands could make it. This morning John prepared his mother's breakfast, and, after eating his own, did what odd jobs he could about the house.

"Well, mother," he said, "I have something to tell you. I thought I would leave it until this morning so you could have something to think about after I went to school."

"What is it, John?" she asked, looking up brightly

"You know I told you that Prof. Dean wanted to see us all in the assembly room last night after school."

"Yes, what did he want?"

"He said that Mr. Cooper and Mr. Douglas made an offer of thirty dollars and twenty dollars for first and second prizes for orations to be written and delivered some time before the close of school. He said he hoped we would make use of the opportunity, and told those that wanted to enter to hand in their names. The school is going to hire a teacher to train us."

"Us? Did you hand in your name, John?"

"Yes. I thought I might as well try, even if I don't stand much chance of getting a prize."

"I'm glad you handed in your name, and as to your not having much chance, I think when my son makes up his mind to do something, he will succeed."

"I'll try. Thirty dollars would help us out quite a lot."

"Yes, and it would be a great honor, John. You must win. Maybe your uncle Dave would think you do amount to something if you should win."

"Mother, you musn't talk too much about it, for that will make the disappointment all the more bitter if I shouldn't get anything."

To this she only gave his hand an affectionate squeeze, and he could see that she had no thoughts of his being defeated. His heart filled with a great longing to fulfill her desires, to make himself worthy of such confidence. Then, perhaps too, the rather proud members of the High School would not look down on him any more because of his father's disgrace, if he could prove himself capable of making a name for himself.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

John hurried away to school, and Mrs. Dunning listened until she heard his steps die away in the distance. Then her thoughts turned to their last conversation. If he should win, how much it would mean to them! She was not thinking of the prize as much as the honor he would receive. Would Dave then think that her son did amount to something? A faint ray of hope began to illumine her dark cloud. As she wandered on in her thoughts, building air castle after aircastle, and painting the future with brighter colors than she had ever dared to paint it for some time, she was startled by hearing a heavy footstep on the porch. It was a man's step, but there was something familiar about it. Then she heard him cough. Could it possibly be Dave? The door opened. A tall, grey-haired man stood in the doorway. It was Dave. For one moment he stood looking at her. Then "Dave, the obstinate," "Dave, the iron-willed," said in a husky voice, "O, Janie! my little sister."

"O Dave! You have come at last," was all she could say.

As he bent over her to give her the first loving caress she had received from him since twenty years ago, his steel grey eyes seemed to lose their keenness. In the long conversation that followed, David Dunning drew from his sister all her troubles and anxieties. After she once got started she told all of John's ambitions and hinderances.

When John reached home that noon, he found an unusually happy face to greet him.

"Why, what has happened, mother," he asked.

"O, I have such good news for you!"

"What is it?"

"Uncle Dave came this morning, John."

"Uncle Dave! What brought him?"

"I knew he was too good to stay away much longer. I haven't told you the best part yet," she added.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly.

"He said if you should get first prize in the contest, he would give you a college education."

"He did! It seems too good to be true! You are a true prophet, mother. You said a way would be provided."

Now John felt that he had everything to strive for. He was going to college! But what if he should not win? He must win. With the utmost care he prepared his oration. For a subject he chose "Opportunity." He pictured the lives of Garfield, of Lincoln, and told how they overcame every obstacle, seizing every opportunity to get a round higher on the ladder. The topic seemed to fit him well, for he too was striving, ever striving, looking hopefully toward the top. The teachers were somewhat surprised at the excellence of his composition, but not so his elocution teacher when he came to rehearse it. John was bashful and sensitive, and the teacher did not understand him. One night when John was in the hall getting ready to go home, he heard the elocution teacher tell Prof. Dean that John Parker's delivery was very poor. John went home with a heavy heart. His mother saw that something was





HIGH SCHOOL BOYS' GLEE CLUB..



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

the matter, and upon finding the cause of his grief tried to cheer him.

"Say your oration to me, John," she said.

It was not the first time he had said it to her, but tonight his heart burned within him with a desire to deliver his oration in such a way that even his critical teacher could find no fault. As he proceeded and saw the look of confidence in his mother's eyes, he forgot the cruel remark. He began to think of what he was saying, and he put more true expression into it than he had ever done before. So rapt was he in his thoughts that he forgot where he was. When he had finished he was pleased with his mother's praise, and he began to take new hope. But the next day when he delivered it before his teacher, his enthusiasm was dampened by the sharp criticisms and interruptions. The gestures his teacher gave seemed natural enough to him, but when John tried to imitate them, he looked awkward and uncomfortable. As the time for the contest approached he seemed to improve a little in his delivery before his teacher, but he was not yet as eloquent as some of the other contestants. The days were, in some respects, a repetition of his experience on that day when he had returned home so disheartened. He came home discouraged, but he could not remain so in the cheerful presence of his mother. Each night he said his oration to her with increasing enthusiasm. Her loving look of confidence and pride urged him on to do his best.

The day preceding the night of the contest was one of

great excitement for everyone in the Newark High School, but the seven contestants were the most excited and nervous. None of them were more nervous than John Parker. None of them had so much depending on their success as he. When John returned home from school that night, it was well that he had such a mother to soothe and cheer him. When he reached home he was in a high state of excitement. When he left for the Hall, he was calm and self controlled. His greatest disappointment was that his mother was not yet well enough to go to the contest with him. He delivered his oration to her before he went, and, as he kissed her good-bye, she said, "You must win, John. I know you will. Say it as you do to me."

"I will try, little mother," he said gently, and hurried away.

The Hall was crowded to its limit. The contestants were all seated on the stage, and it seemed to John that he had never seen so many faces before. Fortunately, his oration came last, and he began to feel more at home before his turn came. As he listened to the eloquent words of Arthur Stone and Grace Hunt, he felt that his chances were small. Finally the last one before John arose and began to speak. John heard none of his oration. He could hear his heart throbbing within him. He felt the warm blood rush to his face. It seemed that everyone was looking at him. When the applause for his schoolmate had ceased, there was a short but deep silence. Then a slender youth rose and advanced to the center of the stage. His face was

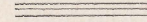


## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

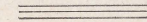
now ashen white. What a sea of faces confronted him! For a moment he stood trembling with fear. The thousand faces became a blur to him, but in their stead he saw a pale, sweet face. A pair of loving blue eyes seemed to be looking at him. In them he read confidence, encouragement and pride. He again heard the words, "You MUST win, John. I know you will. Say it as you do to me." He began to speak. He saw not the hundreds of pairs of eyes fixed upon him. He saw only a sweet, smiling face. He caught the spirit of his oration as he had never done before. The words seemed to be coming from his very soul to the hearts of his listeners. When he ceased speaking there was a breathless silence, followed by a storm of applause. None of the others were applauded as loudly as he. He sank back in his chair, unconscious of his surroundings.

There was music during the interval in which the judges were making their decision, but John heard it not. But when Prof. Dean mounted the stage to announce the decision, John was again alert and listening. His heart gave a great bound when he heard, "First prize, John Parker." Had he really won? Was college so near at hand? He did not hear the applause that followed, nor any of the other announcements. He received his congratulations and went through the handshaking mechanically. The praise of teachers and friends sounded as far-away music to his ears. He did not see the tall, grey-haired man approaching him. But he did feel a fatherly hand placed

on his shoulder, and heard David Dunning say, "Well done, my boy, well done."



Johnny was going to be punished for some offence. When he saw the long switch he ran up stairs and crawled under the bed. When his father came home he was told of the offence and he went up stairs and started to crawl under the bed. when the boy said : " What's the matter, pa, is she after you, too ? "

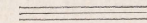


A Boston girl, a New York girl and a Chicago girl were looking at a vase.

Said the Boston girl—" What an exquisite vase."

Said the New York girl—" What a beautiful vase."

Said the Chicago girl—" Hully gee ! kids, git onto de jug."



Judge Hamlin, while walking down town, was bit in the Public Square by a dog.





GANFER TOWN HALL (Erected 1905,)



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### "A National Mistake."

FIRST PRIZE ORATION BY HAZEL BROAD.

Capital punishment is that custom, crystalized into law, which demands the forfeiture of the life of any one adjudged guilty of certain crime. Many years ago the smallest misdemeanor, such as picking up sticks on Sunday, or stealing a sheep was punishable by death; but now, in this enlightened age, capital punishment stands only as the penalty for murder and a few crimes of like nature. All ages have sanctioned it, and every country has used it; and, as a consequence, that principle copied from the laws of our English forefathers, was embodied in our own constitution.

If we consider the purposes of capital punishment we find them to be two-fold: First, to prevent further crime by causing a man to think twice before committing a wicked deed, because of the most serious consequences of such act; and, second, by putting him out of the way altogether, to protect society from the injury which a criminal would inflict.

But this practice, sanctioned by custom and legalized by all peoples, is now a national mistake of the American commonwealth. That thing of which we, as a nation, are most proud is our great advance in civilization. We point to our records and say, "Mark the changes. We have outgrown barbarism. We are constantly advancing in the Christian spirit. We have achieved much in commerce, in science, in art, and in all knowledge." If so, should we

not be ashamed of anything that savored of barbarism; of an unchristian spirit? We say that it was degrading to ancient nations to impose tortures on their prisoners, to witness the agony of the wretches doomed to die. Then why does it not degrade *our* morals, as a nation, by making life lightly valued? Do not electrocution, which is said to be a terrible torture while it lasts, and "hanging by the neck till death" savor of barbarism? The severity of the means of procuring the death of the prisoner has been lessened as the years have gone by, showing that a higher civilization demands more humane punishment. Then would not the complete abolishment of this custom be in keeping with our well developed state of culture?

The death penalty is unchristian since it gives no chance for reform, which is chief among the doctrines of Christ. Horace Greeley said, "The worst possible use to which you can put a man is to hang him." Then can we, a christian nation, give the guilty one no chance of reform? Note God's treatment of the first murderer. Did He strike him to the ground? No. He gave Cain a chance to reform, and at the same time protected the inhabitants of the earth by placing a mark on his forehead. Thus an All-Wise Creator set a precedent for all time. Should we not endeavor to follow it?

When a man is condemned to death, how do we know he *really* is guilty? He is judged guilty by the evidence brought up, but this many times is only circumstantial and there is a possibility of bribery either of judge, jury, wit-



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

nesses, or all. Although this happens but rarely, yet think of the worth of one human life taken through mistake. Are not the hands of the State stained with his innocent blood? Is a deed less bloody when perpetrated by a collection of individuals than when committed by one? What is the difference between the murder of Jones by Brown in punishment for the death of the latter's brother and the murder of Brown by the State in punishment for Jones' death? Is not life taken in both instances? "But," you say, "Brown takes the law into his own hands, the State has authority to do it." From whom? God is the giver of life and He alone has the right to take it. Does not the State take the power of the destruction of life from the very hands of Him who said, "Thou shalt not kill?"

The liquor dealers pay our nation a large sum yearly for the privilege of the barter of human souls, the manufacture of criminals, and the destruction of all that is pure and holy. Thus this awful curse to our nation is legalized by our government for money. Murder is the principal crime for which the death penalty is inflicted, and a terrible per cent. of homicides in this country are caused by drink. Our government steps in and punishes the guilty one with death. But think! What kind of a government is it which legalizes the making of criminals and then punishes them with death for being such? Is the man more guilty of a murder, which he committed while under the influence of liquor, than the one who refuses to put away, by his ballot, that thing which causes his weaker brother

to sin?

We always condemn anything that fails in its primal purposes, yet capital punishment surely does. Does it deter further crime? No. Statistics show us that in states having the death penalty, New York and Pennsylvania for instance, there is a greater per cent. of murders than in states having abolished it, Wisconsin and Maine for example. Does it protect society? To a great extent, no. "Public sentiment," says a well known writer, "has grown so strong against capital punishment that it is now ten times as difficult and expensive as formerly to convict a man of murder, and is also the cause of many criminals being released with no punishment at all." Thus many dangerous persons are allowed their liberty and become a menace to public welfare.

A deed is made more guilty by there being a way of escaping doing it, yet there certainly is a better way out of this question. Does not reformatory, and self-supporting imprisonment, with no pardoning power and no reversion of sentence, except by the discovery of sufficient evidence to justify a new trial, fulfill all conditions of justice, both to prisoner and to public?

The United States has ever stood for justice to all, and has ever been the haven of refuge to those to whom justice was denied in other lands. A continued injustice to many would certainly then be a national mistake. Is it justice to our country's welfare to uphold a custom which degrades the nation by making life lightly unvalued? Is it





LORAIN SCHCOL BUILDING.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

justice for a Christian nation to give no chance of reform to the guilty one? Is it justice to execute one whom the course of time may prove innocent? Is it justice to destroy that which we have neither the right to give or take? Is it justice that the same institution which punishes criminals made by the liquor traffic should legalize the cause of almost all crime? Is it justice to society to uphold a custom which fails in its primal purposes, to deter further crime and to protect the public? Is it justice to uphold this custom when another way is found which does fulfill the purposes and is not wrong? Then since it is an injustice both to the accused and to public, capital punishment *surely* is a national mistake.

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"Dorothy, you must keep out of those currants."

"But, mamma, I cannot resist the temptation."

"Well, child, the next time just say: 'Satan, get thee behind me.'"

The next day Dorothy was again in the currants and her mother said:

"Dorothy, what did I tell you to say?"

"Mamma, I said, 'Satan, get thee behind me,' and he got right behind me and pushed me right in."

## "Hope."

SECOND PRIZE POEM—NELLY LOGHRY.

O, Blessed Hope, whence comest thou?  
The vision of a happier day,  
When night shall pass, and morn shall dawn,  
To drive our sadness or care away.

Today tho' clad in deepest gloom,  
Tho' cast in grief or sorrow,  
Is still made bright by one glad ray,  
All may be right tomorrow.

And thus thru life, tho' darkness reigns,  
Tho' solace ne'er be given,  
One shining ray still leads us on,  
For there'll be rest in Heaven.





## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### The Faculty.

With the exception of a few changes in the Eighth Grade and High School, everything has worked most harmoniously during the past year. Our School Board has succeeded in filling all vacancies with the very best teachers. Everyone is interested and eager to bring our schools up to the highest standard.

In the first place, Mr. Selby is the right man for the place, a guiding star, as it were, for all. As a result of his unceasing labors, harmony prevails, and the hearty co-operation of teachers and pupils, predicts that the high standard set by him is within reach.

Miss Laura Chesney, Principal and instructor of English, Latin and German, is a thorough teacher as is shown by the excellent progress made by pupils under her supervision.

During the first semester, Miss Carolyne Lenehen filled the position of Assistant Principal, but on account of ill health, she was obliged to resign. We were sorry to lose her, for she was an efficient teacher and a true friend. After trying several substitutes, Mr. MacDonald appeared one morning, and being so pleased with our general good looks and excellent deportment, decided to stay with us. He has entered into the work with zeal and has proven himself a successful teacher. Miss Groves has charge of the History work in the High School. With her as a teacher, that hazy study becomes very interesting.

By the sad death of Mrs. St. John, Momence lost one

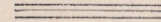
of its best teachers. She had charge of the Eighth Grade and her place has been filled by Miss Angenette Crissey.

But one new teacher has been employed in the rest of the grades this year. This one is Mr. Frank Garrett who has charge of Room Four, Loraine. Miss Mabel Jackson has charge of Room Three, Loraine, Miss Anna Hanson, Room Two, and Miss Anna Wiltse, Room One.

In the Central School Miss Gertrude Holmes has the Sixth Room, Miss Agnes Barrett, Room Five, Miss Bertha Lamb, Room Four, Miss Elizabeth Cleary, Room Three, Miss Sarah Hanson, Room Two, and Miss Mabel Groves, Room One.

It would be hard to find a better corps of teachers than is now employed in the Momence Union Schools.

N. M. H. '07's.



Sunday school teacher—"The idol has eyes but cannot—  
Class—"See."

Sunday school teacher—"The idol has ears but cannot—  
Class—"Hear."

Sunday school teacher—"The idol has a nose but cannot—  
"Wipe it."



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### They Never Went to Our High School

BY MRS. A. G. KALLANDER  
(Tune—Mr. Dooly)

O, once there was a wicked man,  
His name was Captain Kidd,  
He cut off men's and women's heads,  
And all their gold he hid;  
O, he did many wicked things  
Which are against the rule,  
But you must bear in mind he nev-  
Er went to our High School.

#### CHORUS.

O, we're the High School, the Mومence High School;  
Onward, upward is our daily rule.  
We keep things humming!  
Just hear us coming!  
We're a genuine, accredited High School.

One there was an Indian,  
His name was Powhatan,  
He tried to kill the bold John Smith  
Who was a noble man;  
O, he did many wicked things  
Which are against the rule,  
But you must bear in mind he nev-  
Er went to our High School.

Chorus.

O, once there was a wicked queen,  
Her name was Jezebel,  
Ahasueras caused her death  
As from a wall she fell.  
O, she did many wicked things  
Which are against the rule,  
But you must bear in mind she nev-  
Er went to our High School.

Chorus.

Now, if these folks had had our chance,  
No one of us can say,  
But what they might have tried to live,  
In quite a different way!  
'Tis true they did many things  
Which are against the rule,  
But bear in mind, dear friends, they nev-  
Er went to our High School.

Chorus.

### Mومence High School.

BY MRS. A. G. KALLANDER.

Here's to our High School!  
Let everyone shout,  
Mومence! Rah! Rah! Mومence!  
There ne'er was one like it  
There can be no doubt,  
Mومence! Rah! Rah! Mومence!

#### CHORUS.

M—O—M—E—N—C—E,  
M—O—M—E—N—C—E,  
M—O—M—E—N—C—E,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!

Chemistry's easy, biography's fun,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!  
When our lessons are 'over  
We cry cause they're 'done,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!

Chorus.

Our learned professors  
Converse in but Greek,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!  
And, we hope ere long  
Purest Latin to speak,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!

In athletics, too, we have  
Made a great name,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!  
With a little more money  
We're sure to win fame,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!

Chorus.

Then here's to our High School!  
Let everyone shout,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!  
There ne'er was one like it  
There can be no doubt,  
Mومence! Rah, Rah! Mومence!

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## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Winning the Track Meet.

BY S. J. GARRETT.

(Tune—Marching Thru Georgia)

#### I

Bring the good old track suit, boys.

We'll run another race—

Run it with a spirit that will

Let us set the pace—

Run it as we used to run it,

We'll lead in every chase.

While we are winning the track meet.

CHORUS.

Ra Ra! Ra Ra! Our victory it shall be!

Ra Ra! Ra Ra! We'll set our colors free!

And float them high above the rest

Where every one can see,

While we are winning the track meet.

#### II

Courage comes to every heart,

Oh, hear the joyful sound,

The cheering of their schoolmates

And their teachers standing round!

They feel themselves supported,

Though a few of them are downed,

While we are winning the track meet.

CHORUS.

#### III

Yes, and there are graduates

Who'll weep with joyful tears

When they see us win the race

They have won in former years;

And never can they be restrained

From breaking forth in cheers

While we are winning the track meet.

### Our High School.

BY MRS. A. G. KALLANDER.

There is a High School, || in our town, ||  
And there the scholars, || sit them down, ||  
And read their books so studiously  
It surely is a lovely sight to see.

CHORUS.

For it's study, study, study,

Morning, evening noon and night,

From the time the sun uprises,

'Till it sets, sets, sets.

Then its study, study, study, study, study till you feel

Just crammed with knowledge from your head to your heel.

For that's the only way, don't you see,

You ever can hope great to be.

There are six teachers, || in High School, ||

Who teach us everything, || by rule, ||

And tho' our souls with lessons hard they grind,

They are our friends at last we find.

Chorus.

All four of the classes, || are so bright, ||

They always have their || lessons right, ||

And they all hope to graduate

With the very highest honors in the state.

Chorus

### Year Book Song.

BY MRS. A. G. KALLANDER.

(Tune—Mush, Mush, Mush.)

For the Freshman, life's one round of pleasure,

For the Sophomore, too, it's a lark,

But to one that belongs to the Juniors,

Like looks pretty earnest and dark;

We have lessons to get like the others,

But when others with lessons are done,

And have gone out for sweet recreation,

We must still keep pegging along.

CHORUS.

For it's rush, rush, rush with the Year Book,

And it's rush, rush, rush, rush night and day

Don't bother me! for I am busy—

To-day is my busiest day.

Let the Freshman go out for a picnic,

Let the Sophomores do as they will,

But the Junior has far too much doing,

He's climbing up Fame's rugged hill.

Our Year Book is sure to bring glory,

'Twill be talked of for long years to come;

And we'll have a fine time as Seniors,

With our work on the Year Book all done. Chorus.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### Juvenile Department.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The Juvenile Department, as introduced last year, has proved such a decided success that the Year Book staff of 1906 has decided to continue it. Although the cash values of the prizes were decreased, the first prize being made sixty cents and the second forty, yet the interest manifested by the pupils remained the same. The following are the names of the pupils who won the first and second prizes in the respective rooms:

Room 1, Central School—For free hand paper cuttings, mount 11x14; first, Henry Seavey; second, Richard Smith

Room 2, Central School—For three sewing cards, mount 11x14; first, Alma Snapp; second, Mary Campbell.

Room 3, Central School—Best reproduction of a story read by teacher; first, Marie Seavey; second, Nada Groth.

Room 4, Central School—Best one page letter to mama or papa from a boy or girl away from home, requesting permission to extend their visit; first, Laura Simonds; second, Zenada Zahl.

Room 5, Central School—Best composition on subject furnished by superintendent; first, Jean Bigelow; second, Madeline Hayhurst.

Room 6, Central School—Best copy from dictation of five addresses furnished by Superintendent; first, Edith Hart; second, Lawrence McConnell.

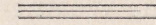
Room 7, Central School—Best business letter, data furnished by Superintendent; first, Carrie Bigelow; second, Helen Kirby.

Room 1, Loraine—Same as Room 1, Central; first, Marie Furnish; second, Willie Mullrooney.

Room 2, Loraine—Same as Room 4, Central; first, George Graves; second, Ruby Taylor.

Room 3, Loraine—Same as Room 7, Central; first, Ethel Davis; second, Lucile Keeler.

Room 4, Loraine—Same as Room 7, Central; first, Ethel Taylor; second, Vira Pittenger.



### The Foolish Weather-Vane.

[FIRST PRIZE—ROOM 3, CENTRAL, WON BY MARIE SEAVEY.]

Once upon a time a Weather-Vane lived on a steeple by the side of the river.

When a Fisherman came he would look up to see which way the Wind was blowing.

When he did this the Weather-vane was very proud.

But one morning when the Wind came pushing along and said, "Point East, Weather-Vane," the Weather-Vane held himself stiff and pointed West. When the Fishermen came they looked at the Weather-Vane and said: "We shall go fishing to-day."

When they got a little way out the sea began to rise and there was a storm, the ships were upset, and if it hadn't



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

been for some friends the Fishermen would have been drowned.

The Weather-Vane was very sorry then, but it was of no use, for the Fishermen built them a new Weather-Vane in a better place and looked at it every morning, for they knew it was no use to look at the old one.

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[SECOND PRIZE—ROOM 3, CENTRAL, WON BY NADA GROTH.]

Once there was a Weather-Vane that was on a large steeple. When it pointed East the people said they must not go fishing to-day. But when it would point west they might go. The Weather-Vane was brass. He was proud when the people looked up at him to see where the Wind was blowing. One day the Wind told the Weather-Vane to point West. But he said that he was going to do what he thought best. So he pointed East. The men said there was going to be a storm. So they did not go. But after while the sun shown and they said: "Something must be the matter with it." The Wind came again and said to the Weather-Vane to point East, because there was going to be a storm. But it stood stiff and pointed West. Some of the men went, but the others stayed: "The storm came, and if it had not been for the other men they would have been drowned." So the Weather-Vane said he was going to mind the next time. But it was too late; they put up a new Weather-Vane, so they never used the old one.

223 BONS ST., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

February 23, 1906.

MY DEAR MAMMA: I expect you will be surprised at my writing again so soon, but I want to ask you if I can't stay another week. Miss Clark is going to give a sleighing party for her pupils and has asked me to join them.

Uncle Harry took Erma and I to the park, and we had a fine time tobogganing, and there were at least 200 boys and girls there, all having such a good time.

Your loving daughter,

ALICE SHEPHERD.

---

MOMENCE, ILL., Feb. 23, 1906.

DEAR MAMMA:

I will ask permission to stay two more weeks. We are having such fun skating and sliding.

Helen says that I am the only one she likes to play with. When I come home I want Gladys to be at the depot.

How is Dorothy? I hope she isn't sick or having a cold. Well, I guess I will have to close.

From your loving daughter,

FRANCIS MILLER.





JUVENILE PRIZE WINNERS.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### How the Lion Escaped.

[FIRST PRIZE—ROOM 5, CENTRAL, WON BY JEAN BIGELOW.]

This story is about a Lion who was captured and taken to the Circus.

His real home is in the Atlas Mountains, in the North-western part of Africa.

He did not enjoy living in a Circus and often tried very hard to escape.

One day it happened that the Lion Trainer was busy training a Lion that had just been captured and the door of the den stood open.

The Lion got as near as possible to the door and waited his chance to slip out.

The Circus-House was not many miles from the Mountains.

The Lion did not stop until he reached the Mountain.

Then he climbed the Mountain and tried to find his old den. When he reached it he found it the same as when he left it about two years ago.

After his long journey he was very tired, so he lay down in his den to rest.

He never went far down the mountain for fear some one should see him and take him back to the Circus.

He lived there many years contented and happy.

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### The King of the Beasts.

[SECOND PRIZE—ROOM 5, CENTRAL, WON BY MADELINE HAYHURST.]

The King of Beasts is the Lion. He is a very fierce beast. The one that I am going to tell about is one that lives in the Snow Mountains in Africa.

It is in the evening when he goes out of his den looking for food. He will go among the beasts and find a nice fat one for his supper. He goes up the Mountain to a place where he got his breakfast this morning.

He goes over many rough rocks on his way. Some times when he hears a noise near him he grows very angry and roars very loud. When he is about a rod away from where he is going to get his supper he goes faster, for he is very hungry.

After he has had a good supper he turns round to go back to his den. A storm came up while he was on the way home, and stars were beginning to be overcast with clouds. As it thundered and lightened the Lion roared very loud, for he was in haste to get to his den before the storm raged. He thought if he roared the storm would wait till he got safely to his den.

The Lion hurried on through the dark over the rocks till he got home. When he got home he lay down in his den and slept while the storm raged all night long.

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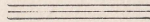


## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

MR. J. D. COKELY,  
Court House,  
Kankakee, Ill.

MISS MABEL JENNINGS,  
512 Temple Place,  
Denver,  
Col.

AMERICAN BOOK CO.,  
521 Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago,



MR. J. D. COKELY,  
Kankakee,  
Ill.

Court House.

MISS MABEL JENNINGS,  
Denver,  
Colorado.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,  
Boston,  
Mass.

MOMENCE, ILL., FEB. 23, 1906.

MR. R. E. SELBY,  
Momence, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Our room has just succeeded in obtaining the required number of sixty stars for no tardiness.

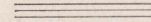
We have above the required per cent of attendance, and are entitled to a half-holiday.

The majority of our room would like to have the half-holiday on next Monday afternoon for several reasons, one of which is that the skating is fine.

Would you please oblige us by letting us have our half-holiday on next Monday afternoon?

Yours truly,

CARRIE BIGELOW.



MOMENCE, ILL., FEB. 23, 1906.

MR. R. E. SELBY,  
Momence, Ill.

Dear Sir:—As our room has gained its sixty stars on account of no tardiness and the per cent required, I would like to know if you would let us have our holiday next Monday afternoon. I prefer next Monday afternoon, as I would like to go away.

Yours truly,

HELEN KIRBY.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

MOMENCE, ILL., FEB. 23, 1906.

PROF. R. E. SELBY,  
Momence, Ill.

Dear Prof:—Room 4, Loraine, won their sixty stars, and would like to have their half-holiday next Monday afternoon (Feb. 26).

The pupils think it will be good skating, and would like to have it then.

Yours truly,  
NEILLIE BLACKSTONE.

---

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MOMENCE, ILL., FEB. 23, 1906.

PROF. R. E. SELBY:  
Momence, Ill.

Dear Sir: Since we have gained sixty stars, we are all waiting patiently for a half holiday.

Would you please let us have it next Monday afternoon?

We have worked very hard to get it, and on Monday we do not feel like studying.

It being my birthday also, I would very much enjoy having a party.

If you will let us have it next Monday, we will thank you very much for your kindness.

Yours very respectfully,  
LIZA JANE.

MOMENCE, ILL., FEB. 23, 1906.

MR. R. E. SELBY,  
Central School Building,  
Momence, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Our room which is room three in the Loraine building has just gained sixty stars. Will you please let us have our half holiday Monday Feb. 26, 1906?

I prefer that day because we want to go to Chicago as I do not wish to miss school and make the percent of attendance in our room lower I prefer that day.

Yours truly,  
JOHN JENKINS.

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MOMENCE, ILL., FEB. 1906.

MR. R. E. SELBY,  
Momence, Ill.

Dear Sir: As we have just gained our sixty stars, we desire to spend our half-holiday next Monday afternoon if possible.

The reason why I wish it is, because I have some business that I must attend to on that day.

Yours truly,  
STEWART MEIKLE.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

FAIR OAKS, IND., MARCH 1, 1906.

Dear Mother: I am having such a good time here at Fair Oaks, I wish I could stay another week or so. I am playing games and riding ponies. If you were here I think I would have a much better time. I will have to close, hoping to hear from you soon.

From your loving son,  
CHAS. HUPP.

CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 1, 1906.

Dear Mamma: I thought I would write a few lines.  
We are well and hope you the same.

We are having a very good time and hope you the same.

It has been a fine Winter and we have had but a little snow.

I wish I could stay a while longer this week.

We are getting two or six eggs a day.

I am hoping to hear from you soon.

Your loving daughter,  
MABEL CREMER.



How to signal a bark—  
Pull a dog's tail.

Jim—"Why do you wear your stockings wrong side out?"

Mike—"Begorra, there's a hole on the other side."

"There was a terrible murder in the hotel today."  
Was there?"

"Yes, a paper-hanger hung a border."  
"It must have been a put up job!"

Pat, who is being lowered into a well. "Sthop, will yez Murphy? Oi want to coom up again."

Murphy, still letting him down—"Phat for?"

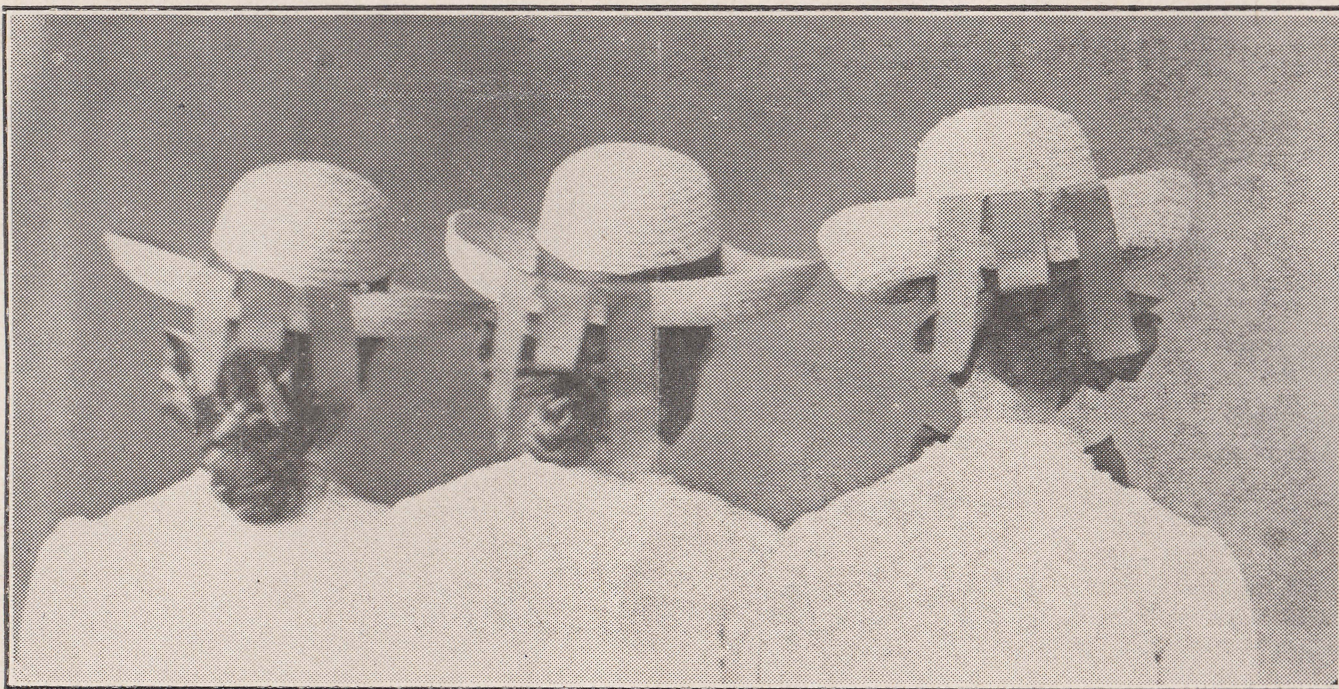
Pat—"Oi'll show ye; af yez don't sthop lettin' me down Oi'l cut the rope."

"I've been married five years, and I've got a bushel of children."

"How's that?"

"My name is Peck. I've got four children. Don't four pecks make a bushel?"





LOOKING BACKWARD.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### High School Alumni.

When name of State is not given, it is Illinois.

#### CLASS OF '77.

Beers, (Jewett) Eva,  
Brady, (Haslett) Mary  
Giffin, Eva, (deceased).  
Griffin, L. Emma,  
Haslett, Eaton, merchant  
Kelley, (McKinstry) Sarah,  
Little, (Smithyman) Ida,  
Thompson, Clara, teacher,

Hoxie, Kansas  
Rose Lawn, Ind

Momence  
Los Angeles, Cal  
Madison, S. D  
Grant Park  
Frankfort, Ind

#### CLASS OF '82.

Corey, (Brown) Maggie,  
Moran, (Fitzgerald) Ella  
McDonough, (Hughes) Mary,

Marne, Iowa  
Chicago  
Avon, S. D

#### CLASS OF '92.

Henry, (Chipman) Martha,  
McDaniels, Frances, teacher,  
Meinzer, (Kuighthart) Mary,  
Paradis, (Culver) Nora,  
Reins, (Riker) Florence,  
Watson, (Clark) Martha,

Momence  
Cairo  
Momence  
"  
"  
Chicago

#### CLASS OF '93.

DuMontelle, (Shrontz) Maud,  
Griffin, Norman, bank clerk,  
Griffin, Carrie,  
Kenrich, Jav, book keeper,  
Lamb, Bertha, teacher,  
Patrick, Maud, musician,  
Sweet, (Whitmore) Maude,

Momence  
Kankakee  
Grant Park  
Wolcott, Ind  
Momence  
Logansport, Ind  
Momence

#### CLASS OF '94.

Buntain, C. M. Clay, attorney,  
Culver, Frank, draughtsman,  
Groves, Burr, clerk.  
Einsele, (Nichols) Ethel,

Kankakee  
Chicago Heights  
Sparta, Wis  
Chicago

Krows, Ralph, reporter,  
Longpre, Elmer, physician,  
Burch, (Simonds) May,  
Wilkinson, (Reins) Minnie,  
Wilkinson, John, book-keeper,

Tacoma, Wash  
Kankakee  
Momence  
Kankakee  
"

#### CLASS OF '95.

Ellis, Gertrude, teacher,  
Freeman, Harry, dentist,  
Knaur, (Kious) Eva,  
Kinney, (Melby) Hilma,  
Patrick, Jessica,  
Pogue, Charles, monument dealer,  
Safford, Edmund T., book-keeper,  
Sanstrom, Samuel (deceased).  
Willis, Fred, restaurateur,

Morocco, Ind  
Grant Park  
Momence  
"  
Logansport, Ind  
Crawfordsville, Ind  
West Superior, Wis  
Chicago

#### CLASS OF '96.

Campbell, Magdalene,  
Clarke, Elwyn J., instructor,  
Clark, Fred O., clerk,  
Culver, May C., musician,  
Collier, (Drayer) Lena E.,  
Gray, Jesse M., instructor,  
Griffin, Ernest, book-keeper,  
Landon, Clara, kindergarten teacher,  
Hoinke, (Buffington) May,  
Lane, Grayce,

Momence  
Rolla, Mo  
Spring Valley  
Ortinville, Minn  
Oconto Falls, Wis  
Blairstown, N. J  
Grant Park  
Detroit, Mich  
St. Anne  
Momence

#### CLASS OF '98.

Bigelow, (Ingraham) Harriet E.,  
Cleary, Will J., student,  
Dowling, Julia A., clerk,  
Durham, Bertha A., clerk,  
Fountaine, Rosilda, teacher,  
Dunn, (Gibson) Hattie May,  
Hansen, Henry L., clerk,  
Kelsey, J. Clare, draughtsman,  
Morgan, Carrie,  
O'Connell, (Simonds) Cora,  
O'Donnell, Delia,

Los Angeles, Cal  
Bourbonnais  
Chicago  
"  
East St. Louis  
Los Angeles, Cal  
Boise, Idaho  
Batavia  
Chicago  
Urich, Mo  
Momence



# JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

## CLASS OF '99.

Bukowski, Mary L., teacher,  
Dennis, Harold, farmer,  
Paradis, Edna, musician,  
Shaw, Norman,  
Wagner, Josephine, clerk,  
Tabler, Clyde, book-keeper,

Momence  
"  
Chicago  
Toledo, Ohio  
Chicago  
Momence

## CLASS OF '00.

Babin, Mattie M.,  
Chamberlain, Amos, farmer,  
Cleary, James, clerk,  
Clarke, Carroll C.,  
Culver, Florence, musician,  
Dennis, Lena,  
Dwyer, Nellie, teacher,  
Garrett, Leona,  
Gibeault, Phoebe, teacher,  
Harris, Will, farmer,  
Johnson, Junia, teacher,  
Coleman, (Lamport) Georgia,  
Morgan, Stephen, (deceased).  
Porter, (McKee) Bessie,  
Porter, Edward, student,  
Parmely, Idella, teacher,  
Rice, Belle, teacher,  
Willis, Fred, postal clerk,  
Wallace, (Lamport) May,

Momence  
"  
"  
Chicago  
Ortinville, Minn  
Momence  
Penfield  
Momence  
"  
Grant Park  
Crete  
Brazil, Ind  
Champaign  
"  
St. Anne  
Momence  
"  
Grant Park

## CLASS OF '01.

Brady, Mamie, teacher,  
Burchard, Olive, teacher,  
Hartman, (Clark) Frances,  
Jackson, (Drayer) Alma J.,  
Dwyer, Josie V., teacher,  
Force, Ida M., teacher,  
Gregoire, (Smith) Birdie S.,  
Kelsey, Wayne, farmer,  
Nadolni, Clara L., clerk,  
Porter, George N., student,

Rose Lawn, Ind  
Grant Park  
Momence  
Columbus, Ohio  
Penfield  
Independence, Kansas  
Kankakee  
East Spokane, Wash  
Momence  
Terre Haute, Ind

Smith, (Thurber) Lucelia M.,  
Weaver, L. Ethel, teacher,

Grant Park  
Bradley

## CLASS OF '02.

Cleary, Jennie M., teacher,  
Cleary, Elizabeth C., teacher,  
Dennis, Laura J., teacher,  
Pittman, (Freeman) Blanche M.,  
Gibeault, Joseph A., merchant,  
Gibson, Laura J., nurse,  
Hanson, Anna M., teacher,  
Kious, Maysie A., teacher,  
Nelson, Phoebe J., teacher  
Porter, Ezra B., student,  
Seaman, Grace M., student,  
Sergeant, (Vane) Estella,

Momence  
"  
"  
"  
Villa Grove  
Momence  
"  
"  
"  
Terre Haute, Ind  
Northwestern University  
Momence

## CLASS OF '03.

Baechler, Martha E., teacher,  
Bennett, Edith, book-keeper,  
Chipman, (Dayton) Flora M.,  
Garrett, Frank W., teacher,  
Gray, Esther, stenographer,  
Hanson, Sarah H., teacher,  
Miller, Blendena, student,  
Parish, Varnum A., teacher,  
Porter, Ivy B., teacher,  
Porter, Niles I., teacher,  
Searls, Marion E., teacher,  
Spry, Carrie, clerk,  
Wheeler, (Dayton) Edna J.,  
Weaver, Bonniell O., telephone operator,  
Wilson, Blanche M., teacher,

Castleton  
Grant Park  
Momence  
"  
"  
"  
University of Chicago  
Momence  
Lake Village, Ind  
Hopkins Park  
Momence  
Morocco, Ind  
Kankakee  
Momence  
Grant Park

## CLASS OF '04

Clarke, Carrie L., student,  
Cleary, Edward, student,  
Chipman, Viola, clerk,  
Crosby, Lloyd, farmer,  
Crosby, Sadie A.,  
Gibeault, Myrtle, stenographer,  
Hess, Ina M., teacher,

University of Illinois  
University of Notre Dame  
Kankakee  
St. Anne  
"  
Momence  
"



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

Kelsey, Leigh, farmer,  
Peterson, Agnes, teacher,  
Parmely, Clyde, student,  
Templeton, Anna, student,  
Thurber, (Croman) Laura,  
VanInwagen, Frank, student,  
Wennerholm, Marie,  
Willis, Gilbert A., teacher,  
Wilson, Clara, teacher,

### CLASS OF '05.

Bennett, Georgia, student,  
Dwyer, Stella, teacher,  
Garrett, S. Jay, teacher,  
Garrett, Jessie, teacher,  
Selby, Hallie A., student,  
Tabler, Virginia C., student,  
Vane, Lola M., teacher,

East Spokane, Wash  
Momence  
University of Illinois  
DePauw University  
Grant Park  
University of Illinois  
Momence  
“  
Grant Park

University of Chicago  
Penfield  
Momence  
“  
I. S. N. U., Normal  
Waterman Hall, Sycamore  
Momence



Teacher—“ Johnny, what tense is it when I say, ‘ I am beautiful ? ’ ”

Johnny—“ Past.”

---

---

A fly and a flea in a flue were imprisoned.

Now what could they do ?

Said the fly, “ Let us flee,”

Said the flea, “ Let us fly,”

And they flew through a flaw in the flue.

---

---

A little boy was taken down the harbor by his father, and saw for the first time a large steamer towed by a puffing little tug, with an immense hawser connecting the two. “Oh, papa!” he shouted in excitement, “See! The big boat has the little one by the tail, and he’s squealing!”

---

---

Teacher—“Nellie, I’m afraid you didn’t study your lesson. What will you do without an education?”

Nellie, (aged six)—“Oh, I’ll be a teacher and make other girls study.”



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

—FOR—

DELICIOUS ICE CREAM SODA

—GO TO—

**RODEN & CONE,**

The Druggists.

---

**First National Bank.**

Momence, Illinois.

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W. P. Watson, Vice President.

J. J. Kirby, Cashier.

John L. Cleary, Ass't Cashier.

**STYLES BROS.,**  
Hardware, Implements, Wagons and Buggies.  
STOVES AND PUMPS.  
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**George B. Millar,**  
Dealer in  
Staple - and - Fancy - Groceries,  
FRESH AND SALT MEATS,  
Berries, Vegetables. Oysters, Fish and Game in Season.

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Drugs and  
Medicines.

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Wall Paper.

**R. L. EDWARDS,**  
DRUGGIST.

Cigars and  
Tobaccos.

Perfumes and  
Toilet Articles

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**R. E. MOON,**  
DENTIST.

Office Corner Range and Front Streets, Momence, Ill.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

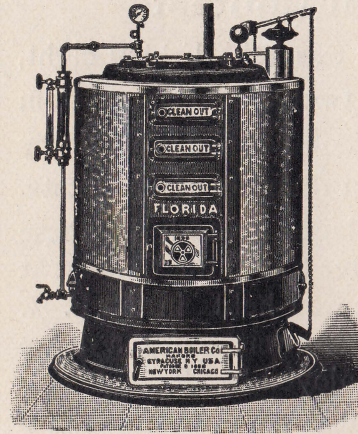


A hold-up man was recently captured and had in his possession 180 watches. In scheduling the stolen property these are the order of the makes: 73 Waltham watches, 98 Elgin watches, 9 miscellaneous makes. There were only two cases out of the entire lot that were not either Boss, Crescent, Crown, or Royal. What does it mean? We didn't hold up the hold-up man and make him take these makes. He must have known the best. We keep all of them all of the time.

Very truly yours,

**L. S. HICKS & SON,**

Watch Inspectors for the Frisco System and the I. I. & M.



....PLUMBING....

STEAM  
AND  
HOT WATER  
HEATING

CHAS. B. ASTLE, MOMENCE, ILL.

**HESS & GARRETT**

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We have the agency for the celebrated Hastings British Columbia Jointed Edge Red Cedar shingles, not kiln dried. Every shingle perfect. Also manufacture Concrete Building Block, a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

OFFICE NEAR C., I. & S. DEPOT.

MOMENCE, ILL.



## JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

### District Oratorical Contest.

The District Oratorical Contest was held Friday night, May 11, at Decatur. There were twelve contestants from different High Schools. This was one of five preliminary contests to be held in five different districts of the state. The winners of first and second places in each of these preliminaries have the right to enter the State Contest at Champaign May 18. The contest was held in the E. A. Gastman school Friday night. There was quite a large attendance and the evening was enjoyed by all.

Each of the twelve contestants did well. The averages were given both on the composition and the delivery of the orations. The first place was awarded to Vallie O. Appel of Springfield, while Fred Railsback of Normal, got second. The winning oration was entitled, "Immigration and its Evils." The second prize oration was "The Dawn of Political Reform." Third place was awarded to Donald F. Harrison of Urbana.

There were two contestants from Kankakee county, Frank Cleary of Momence, and Perry Day of Kankakee. Although neither received prizes, yet they were a credit to their respective schools. The judges were Mrs. C. A. Gille, Dr. W. H. Penhallegon and John A. Montgomery, all of Decatur.

The winner of the first prize at the final contest will receive a gold medal valued at \$30.00, and the second and third prize winners will get silver medals.

## Queen Quality Shoes and Oxfords

Are the height of perfection in the shoemaker's art. Twelve to fifteen different styles constantly in stock.

Oxfords, \$2.50 to \$3.00

Shoes, \$3.00 to \$3.50

SOLD ONLY IN OUR SHOE  
DEPARTMENT

### W. L. CLAPSADLE

### In Buying Groceries

Cleanliness, freshness and purity are always considered. It is our endeavor to please you not only in these respects, but in regard to price as well. Kindly lend us your encouragement.

### L. D. WORDEN,

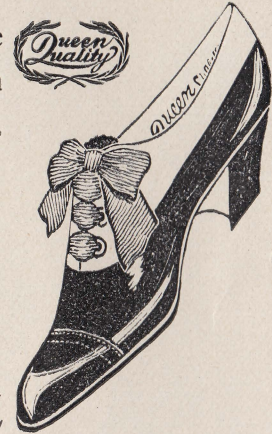
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MOMENCE, ILL.

There is only one BEST PLACE in Momence to buy

Dry Goods, Carpets and  
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments

AND THAT'S AT HACK'S OF COURSE





JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.

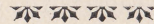
# WATSON & GLEARY

Dealers in

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PROVISIONS, CROCKERY,  
WOODEN & WILLOW WARE.

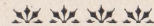
*Boots, Shoes, Gloves and Mittens.*



—Agents for—

Pillbury's and Washburn's

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★★★★★  
★★★★★  
FLOUR  
★★★★★  
★★★★★  
★★★★★



LARGE ORDERS ALWAYS FILLED ON  
BASIS OF CHICAGO PRICES.

Give Us a Call.

---

LANE,  
PHOTOGRAPHER,  
MOMENCE, ILL.

---



JUNIOR YEAR BOOK.



—AT—

D. C. RIKER'S

White Front Clothing House.

---

**Mrs. Vondersmith,**

Dealer in

Millinery Goods

and-----

**Ladies' Furnishings.**

---

At the old Bank Building,

Momence,

Illinois.

L. W. CALKINS & SON,

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Dry Goods.

Dinnerware.

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Fancy Lamps.

Rubber Footwear.

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We have just added a new line of

**Ladies'**

**"Radcliff "**

**Shoes. . . . .**

---

We warrant our goods to please our trade. Call us up—  
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**We Solicit Your Personal Visits Daily.**



